
THE
WORKS
OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. II. PART I.

THE
WORKS
OF

ALBERT WILBER-FORCE, ESQ.

VOL. II. PART I.

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THE
WORKS
OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. II. PART I.

Containing his EPISTLES, &c.



L O N D O N :

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THE
WORKS

ALEXANDER POPE

VOL. II. PART I.

Containing his EPIC, &c.



Printed for T. COOKE and SONS, 15, N. B. Street, London.

THE
AUTHOR
TO THE
READER.

ALL I had to say of my *Writings* is contained in my Preface to the first of these Volumes, originally printed for *Jacob Tonson* and *B. Lintott* in folio and quarto in the year 1717, and all I have to say of *Myself* will be found in my last Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

I have nothing to add, but that these latter Volumes contain whatsoever I have since written, except my Translation of the *Iliad*, with the *Preface* and the *Notes* to it; of Twelve Books of the *Odyssey*, with the *Postscript*, (the *Notes* not being mine,) the *Preface* to *Shakespeare*, and a few *Spectators* and *Guardians*. Whatever besides I have written, or join'd in writing with Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, or Mr. *Gay*, (the only persons with whom I ever wrote in
conjun-

The Author to the Reader.

conjunction) are to be found in the four Volumes of Miscellanies by us published, or make part of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, not yet printed.

It will be but justice to believe that nothing more is mine, notwithstanding all that hath been publish'd in my Name, or added to any Miscellanies since, by any Bookseller whatsoever.

A. POPE.

THE
NOTHING mine, the Preface to the
Books of the *Odyssey*, with the Preface to the
the Preface and the Poem to it; of which
ten, except my Translation of the *Iliad*, with
Volumes contain whatsoever I have done with-
I have nothing to add, but that these latter
found in my last Edition to Dr. Mead's
1717, and all I have to say of myself will be
and Dr. Mead in some and quarto in the year
Volume, originally printed for James Toller
ained in my Preface to the first of these
ALL I had to say of my Writing is con-

THE
T A B L E
TO THE
SECOND VOLUME.

PART I.

Consisting of EPISTLES.

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of *Ethic Epistles*. To HENRY St. JOHN
L. BOLINGBROKE.

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Bathurst.

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The Universal Prayer.
-

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
ESSAY on MAN.

WHEN Love's * great Goddeſs, anxious for
her Son,

Beheld him wand'ring on a Coaſt unknown,
A Huntreſs in the Wood ſhe feign'd to ſtray,
To cheer his drooping Mind, and point his Way.
But Venus' Charms no borrow'd Form could hide;
He knew, and worſhip'd his *Cæleſtial Guide*.

Thus vainly, *Pope*, unſeen You would diſpenſe
Your glorious System of Benevolence;

* *Æneid* 1.

And heav'nly-taught, explain the Angel's Song,
 That Praise to God, and Peace to Men belong.
 Conceal'd in vain, the Bard divine we know,
 From whence such Truths could spring, such Lines
 could flow,
 Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
 You only can *deserve*, or could *refuse*.

C.

 TO

TO THE
CONCEAL'D AUTHOR
OF THE
ESSAY on MAN.

Y^ES Friend ! thou art conceal'd ; Conceal'd ? but
how ?

Ever the Brightest, more Refulgent now,
By thy own Lustre hid ! each nervous Line,
Each melting Verse, each Syllable, is thine.
But such Philosophy, such Reason strong,
Has never yet adorn'd thy lofty'st song.

Do'st thou, Satyric, Vice and Folly brand,
Intent to purge the Town, the Court, the Land ?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of Vice ?

Do'st thou thy *Wit* at once and *Courage* show,
Strike hard, and bravely *vindicate* the blow ?

Do'st thou delineate God, or trace out Man,
The vast Immensity, or mortal Span ?

Thy Hand is known ; nor needs thy Work a Name,
The Poem loudly must the Pen proclaim,

I see my Friend ! O sacred Poet hail !
The brightness of thy Face defeats the Veil.

Write thou, and let the World the Writing view,
The World will know and will pronounce it You.
Dark in thy Grove, or in thy cloister fit,
We see thy Wisdom, Harmony, and Wit ;
Forth breaks the blaze astonishing our sight,
Enshrin'd in Clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet Warbler of the spring, alone,
Sings darkling, but unseen her Note is known ;
And so the Lark, inhabiting the Skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

T O

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
ESSAY on MAN.

AS when some Student first with curious eye,
Thro' Nature's wond'rous Frame attempts to
pry ;

His doubtful Reason seeming Faults surprise,
He asks if This be just, if That be wise ?
Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue in Distress,
And Vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress.
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His Mind he opens, fair is all he sees :
Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue's ragged Plight,
And Vice's Triumph, all are just and right :
Beauty is found, and Order, and Design,
And the whole Scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous Plan,
Leading thro' all the winding Maze of Man ;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
My Pride would fain have laid the Fault on You.

This false, That ill-exprest, this Thought not good ;
 And all was wrong which I mis-understood.
 But reading more attentive, soon I found
 The Diction nervous, and the Doctrine sound ;
 Saw Man, a Part of that stupendous Whole,
 ' *Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul ;*
 Saw in the Scale of Things his middle State,
 And all his Pow'rs adapted just to That :
 Saw Reason, Passion, Weakness, how of use,
 How all to Good, to Happiness conduce :
 Saw my own Weakness, thy superior Power,
 And still the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

TO

T O

Mr. P O P E.

By a L A D Y.

FAther of Verse! indulge an artless Muse,
 Just to the warmth thy envy'd Lays infuse.
 Rais'd by the Soul that breathes in ev'ry Line
 (My Phœbus thou, thy awful Works my Shrine!)
 Grateful I bow, thy mighty Genius own,
 And hail thee, seated on thy natal Throne.

Stung by thy Fame, tho' aided by thy Light,
 See Bards till now unknown, essay to write :
 Rous'd by thy heat unnumber'd Swarms arise,
 As insects live beneath autumnal Skies :
 While Envy pines with unappeas'd Desire,
 And each mean Breast betrays th' invidious Fire.

Yet thou, great Leader of the sacred Train,
 (Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took its flight in vain)
 Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the Age,
 Let wholesome Satyr loose thro' ev'ry page,
 Born for the task, whom no mean Views inflame,
 Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.

Yet not on Satyr all your hours bestow,
 Oft from your Lyre let gentler Numbers flow ;
 Such strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd Retreats,
 " And call'd the Muses to their ancient Seats :
 Thy manly force, and Genius unconfin'd,
 Shall mold to future Fame the growing Mind :
 To ripen'd Souls more solid aids impart,
 And while you touch the Sense, correct the Heart :
 Yet tho' o'er all you shed diffusive light,
 Base Minds will envy still, and Scriblers write.

Thus

Thus the imperial Source of genial Heat,
 Gilds the aspiring Dome, and mean Retreat ;
 Bids Gems a semblance of himself unfold,
 And warms the purer ductile Oar to Gold :
 Yet the same Heat assists each reptile Birth,
 And draws infectious Vapours from the Earth.

TO THE

Earl of CHESTERFIELD,

In Answer to

H O R A C E.

Pindarus sagax, &c.

FOR me how vain to urge my want and flight,
 Where only Pindar's flight can win the prize;
 Hence, Great Source of the poetic light,
 Wou'd melt my weak Wings, before the fire.

AN
 Answer, clear as the flow'ry morning dew,
 And the hundred fountains of the Muse,

Till with each Spring the swelling Current flows,
 And rolls his lowly and Commanding o'er the Main.

A N
O D E

TO THE
Earl of *CHESTERFIELD*,

In Allusion to

H O R A C E.

Pindarum quisquis, &c.

FOR me how vain to urge my vent'rous Flight,
Where only POPE's strong Pinion can aspire?
Horace, great Source of true poetic Light,
Wou'd melt my waxen Wings before his Fire.

As *Thames'* clear Stream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
At first the humbler Treasure of the Plain,
Till with each Spring the swelling Current grows,
And rolls his Pow'r and Commerce o'er the Main :

So

So soft descending from the Muses Hill,
 POPE'S spreading Genius passes every bound,
 Big with Experience, Knowledge, Taste, and Skill,
 And flows uncheck'd o'er all Poetic Ground.

Fresh Wreaths on every side await his head,
 Whether in (a) Fancy's Wilds he youthful stray,
 In (b) Humour's frolick Round new measures tread,
 Or boldly follow (c) Pindar's pathless Way.

Religious he maintains the Muses Trust ;
 Pure in his Breast he guards the sacred Fire ;
 To his progressive Genius strictly just,
 Its Use dilating as its Pow'rs aspire.

Whether from antique Rust with pious Toil
 He polish (d) Britain's ancient Poets praise ;
 Or planting careful in his better Soil,
 Preserve more green the (e) Greek and Roman Bays.

- (a) Pastorals, and Windsor Forest.
- (b) Rape of the Lock.
- (c) Odes.
- (d) Chaucer and Donne.
- (e) Homer, Horace, Ovid.

Whether

Whether the nobler (*f*) Monument he frame
 To those whom Virtues, Arts, or Arms adorn;
 Or snatch from (*g*) Envy, or the Grave, their Fame
 Whom Pride oppresses, or the Virtuous mourn.

Till (as of old, some Heav'n-instructed Bard)
 To (*b*) Man he pleads in Truth and Wisdom's Cause;
 Chastises Vice, deals Virtue her Reward,
 Supports the Pulpit, and supplies the Laws.

High on the swelling Gale of constant Praise,
 We see this *Swan of Thames* sublimely rise,
 Ev'n (*i*) Envy's Breath but serves his Flight to raise,
 And lift his spotless Plumage to the Skies.

While on the humble Banks, far, far below,
 Unmark'd, my tuneless Reed I painful try;
 Like the small Bee, with toil collecting flow
 The faint Perfume which lowly Shrubs supply.

- (*f*) Epitaphs.
- (*g*) Epistles.
- (*b*) Essay on Man.
- (*i*) Dunciad.

To move our * Absent PRINCE (the Realm's desire)
 Then let HIS Skill compose th' attractive Song;
 Or YOU, MY LORD, may boldly strike the Lyre,
 You, to whose Call the willing Muses throng.

Perfuation decks your Words with ev'ry Art,
 To lead the social Band in sportive Wit;
 To guide the Judgment, and to warm the Heart;
 While Senates held in rapt'rous Silence sit.

Or (tho' each Bard in Rev'rence mute should wait)
 * A joyful People HIS Return shall greet,
 The busy Hall shall cease from loud Debate,
 Contending Parties bow at GEORGE's Feet.

Applauding Senates shall record his Fame,
 And hail the Arbiter of Europe home;
 Him haughty Gallia's Dread they shall proclaim;
 From him the Turk and Tartar wait their Doom.

* This Ode was written when his Majesty was
 expected from Hanover, in the Year 1736-7.

Fate never gave a King so great before ;
 A King so good no Nation shall behold ;
 For Him the grateful Realm shall Heav'n adore,
 For Him, whose Reign revives the Age of Gold.

To peaceful Congress when his Arts have led
Europe's contending Lords, inur'd to War,
 The sacred Olive-Wreath shall grace his Head,
 That Wreath, so often purchas'd by his Care.

My Voice unheard would join the gen'ral Praise,
 When well-plac'd Eloquence exhausts the Theme ;
 When mitred Lords their Hands to Heav'n shall raise,
 And give God thanks with Piety extreme.

With Loyal Luxury to crowd the Board,
 Artists shall vie, th' eternal Feast succeed ;
 Woods, Lakes, and Seas their Plenty shall afford,
 And slaughter'd Hecatombs profusely bleed.

But far from Kings and Courts my humbler Fate
 Blesses with Health and Peace my homely Fare,
 Where my calm Wishes frame no Schemes of State,
 But still for BRITAIN'S Welfare form the Prayer.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
ESSAY on MAN.

By *Mr.* SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever Work to such Perfection wrought !
How elegant the Diction ! pure the Thought !
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd Rays,
But one bright Beauty, one collected Blaze,
So breaks the Day upon the Shades of Night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded Light.

To humble Man's proud Heart thy great Design,
But who can read this wond'rous Work Divine,
So justly plan'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human Wit ?

Yet just to Thee, and to thy Precepts true,
Let us know Man, and give to God his Due ;
His Image we, but mix'd with coarse Allay,
Our Happiness, to love, adore, obey ;

To praise him for each gracious Boon bestow'd,
For this thy Work, for ev'ry lesser Good,
With prostrate Hearts before his Throne to fall,
And own the great Creator All in All.

The Muse, which shou'd instruct, now entertains,
On trifling Subjects in enervate Strains ;
Be it thy Task to set the Wand'rer right,
Point out her Way in her aerial Flight,
Her noble Mien, her Honours lost restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
Thy Theme sublime, and easy Verse will prove
Her high Descent, and Mission from above.

Let others now translate, thy abler Pen
Shall vindicate the Ways of God to Men,
In Virtue's Cause shall gloriously prevail,
When the Bench frowns in vain, and Pulpits fail.
Made wise by thee, whose happy Style conveys
The purest Morals in the softest Lays,
As Angels once, so now we Mortals bold
Shall climb the Ladder *Jacob* view'd of old ;
Thy kind reforming Mute shall lead the Way,
To the bright Regions of Eternal Day.

A N
E S S A Y on M A N,
Being the First Book of
ETHIC EPISTLES.

T O
HENRY St. JOHN
L. BOLINGBROKE.

Written in the Year 1732.

A

1851

THE DAY OF MAY

in the full moon

ETHNIC HISTORIES

NEWBY & JOHN

1. BOWMAN BROKE

Written by the author

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propos'd to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such (as to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to Men's Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the Abstract, his *Nature* and his *State*: since to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *Being*.

The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a *few, clear points*; There are not *many certain Truths* in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The *Disputes* are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpen'd the *Wits* than the *Hearts* of Men against each other, and have diminish'd the Practice, more than advanced the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter my self that this Essay has any Merit, it is in steering betwixt Doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all, a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* System of *Ethics*.

This I might have done in Prose ; but I chose Verse, and even Rhyme for two Reasons. The one will appear obvious ; that Principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retain'd by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true ; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in Prose it self ; and nothing is truer than that much of the *Force*, as well as *Grace* of Arguments or Instructions depends on their *Conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious : or more *poetically*, without sacrificing Perspicuity to Ornament, without wandring from the Precision, or breaking the Chain of Reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now publish'd, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *Greater Parts*, their *Extents*, their *Limits*, and their *Connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will become less dry, and more susceptible of Ornament. I am here only opening the *Fountains*, and clearing the passage ; To deduce the *Rivers*, to follow them in their *course*, and to observe their *effects*, would be a task more agreeable.

T H E

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respect to the Universe.*

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ETHIC

ETHIC EPISTLES,

THE FIRST BOOK

TO H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low Ambition and the pride of Kings.

Let us (since Life can little more supply

Than just to look about us, and to die)

Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man ;

5

A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;

A wild, where weeds and flowr's promiscuous shoot,

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert yied,

10

The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore

Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,

And catch the manners living as they rise,

Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can* ;

15

But vindicate the ways of *God* to man.

Of the Nature and State of MAN with respect to
the UNIVERSE. V. 17, &c.] *He can reason only from
Things known, and judge only with regard to his
own System.*

Say

12 ETHIC EPISTLES.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?
 Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
 He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets, and what other suns,
 What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star;
 May tell, why heav'n made all things as they are.
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
 Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
 Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find 35
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

[VER. 35, &c.] *He is not therefore a Judge of his own
 perfection or imperfection, but is certainly such a Being
 as is suited to his Place and Rank in the Creation.*

Of

ETHIC EPISTLES.

13

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess

That Wisdom infinite must form the *best*,

Where all must *full* or not *coherent* be.

45

And all that rises, rise in due *degree* ;

Then, in the scale of life and sense, 'tis plain

There must be, *somewhere*, such a rank as Man ;

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has *plac'd him wrong* ?

50

Respecting Man whatever wrong we call,

May, must be right, as relative to *all*.

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;

In God's, one single can *its end* produce,

55

Yet serves to second too some *other use*.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

60

When the proud Steed shall know, why man restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,

Now wears a garland, an *Ægyptian* god ;

Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend

65

His action's, passion's, being's, use and end ;

Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why

This hour a slave, the next a deity ?

Then say not Man's imperfect, heav'n in fault ;

Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought ;

70

His being measur'd to his state and place,

His time a moment, and a point his space.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their *present state*,
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
 Or who could suffer Being here below ? 76
 The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood. 80
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A Hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms, or Systems into ruin hurl'd, 85
 And now a bubble burst, and now a World !
 Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great Teacher, Death, and God adore !
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that *Hope* to be thy blessing now. 90
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
 Man never *is*, but always to *be* blest ;

VER. 73.] *His happiness depends on his Ignorance to a certain degree.*

VER. 75, &c.] See this pursued in Epist. 3. vers. 70, &c. 83, &c.

VER. 87.] — *And on his Hope of a Relation to a future State.*

VER. 90.] Further open'd in Epist. 2. vers. 265. — Epist. 3. vers. 78. — Epist. 4. vers. 336, &c.

The

ETHIC EPISTLES.

The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
Rests, and Expatiates, in a life to come.

Lo! the poor *Indian*, whose untutor'd mind 95
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n, 100
Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To *be*, contents his natural desire, 105
He asks no Angel's wing, or Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*: 110
Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man, alone, engross not heav'n's high care, 115
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;

VER. 109.] *The Pride of aiming at more Knowledge and Perfection, and the Impiety of pretending to judge of the Dispensations of Providence, the causes of his Error and Misery.*

Snatch

ETHIC EPISTLES.

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God!

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies. 120
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws 125
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine?
Earth for whose use? *Pride* answers, "'Tis for mine:
" For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r; 131
" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
" For me, Health gushes from a thousand springs;
" Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise; 135
" My footstool Earth, my canopy the Skies.

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, or nations to the deep? 140

VER. 127.] *The Absurdity of conceiting himself the Final Cause of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural.*

No

ETHIC EPISTLES.

17

No ('tis reply'd) " the first Almighty Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral Laws* ;
 " Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began,
 " And what created, perfect ? " Why then *Man* ?
 If the *great end* be *human* happiness, 145
 Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less ?
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires,
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise. 150
 If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's design,
 Why then a Borgia or a Cataline ?
 From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs ;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things :
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ? 155
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.
 Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
 Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here ;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind ;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind : 160
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife ;
 And Passions are the Elements of life.
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VER. 162.] See this subject extended in Epist. 2.
 from vers. 90, to 112, 155, &c.

B

What

18 ETHIC EPISTLES.

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel, would be more; 166
 Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the Pow'rs of all; 170
 Nature to these, without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd:
 Each seeming want compensated of course
 Here, with degrees of swiftness, there, of force;
 All in exact proportion to their state, 175
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own,
 Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all? 180
 The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is, not to act, or think, *beyond* mankind;
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.

VER. 166.] *The Unreasonableness of the Complaints against Providence; and that to possess more Faculties would make us miserable.*

VER. 174. *Here, with degrees of swiftness, there, of force.*] It is a certain axiom in the Anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for strength, their swiftness is lessen'd; or as they are form'd for swiftness, their strength is abated.

VER. 177.] Vid. Epist. 3. vers. 83, &c. and 110, &c.
 Why

ETHIC EPISTLES.

19

Why has not man a microscopic eye ? 185

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,

T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ;

The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ;

190

Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,

Dye of a Rose in aromatic pain.

If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,

And stunn'd him with the musick of the spheres,

How would he wish, that heav'n had left him still 195

The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill ?

Who finds not Providence all-good and wise,

Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,

The scale of *sensual, mental* pow'rs a'scends : 200

Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,

From the green myriads in the peopled grass.

What modes of fight, betwixt each wide extreme,

The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :

VER. 200.] *There is an universal ORDER and GRADATION thro' the whole visible world, of the sensible and mental Faculties, which causes the Subordination of Creature to Creature, and of all Creatures to Man, whose REASON alone countervails all the other Faculties.*

The Extent, Limits, and Use of *Human Reason* and *Science*, the Author design'd as the subject of his next Book of Ethic Epistles.

B 2

OF

Of smell, the headlong lioness between, 205
 And hound, sagacious on the tainted green :
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood :
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line : 210
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.
 How *Instinct* varies in the groveling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant ! with thine :
 'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice barrier, 215
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near :
Remembrance and *Reflection*, how ally'd ;
 What thin partitions *Sense* from *Thought* divide :
 And *middle natures* how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line ! 220
 Without this just Gradation could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee ?
 The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all those pow'rs in one ?

VER. 205. — *the headlong Lioness* —] The manner
 of the Lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa
 is this. At their first going out in the night-time they
 set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made
 by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the
 ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable, the story
 of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occasion'd
 by observing the defect of scent in this terrible
 Animal.

See,

ETHIC EPISTLES.

21

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth, 225
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go,
 Around how wide, how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of Being ! which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man, 230
 Beast, bird, fish, insect ! what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ! from infinite to thee,
 From thee to Nothing ! On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours :
 Or in the full creation leave a Void, 235
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd ;
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each System in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole ; 240
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns rush lawless thro' the sky,
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd, 245
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
 Heav'ns whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And Nature tremble, to the throne of God !

VER. 225.] *How much farther this Gradation and Subordination may extend: were any part of which broken, the whole connected Creation must be destroy'd.*

All this dread ORDER break!—For whom? For thee,
Vile worm!—O Madness! Pride! Impiety! 250

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd, for any part to claim 255
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body *Nature* is, and *God* the soul; 260
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent, 265
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair, as heart,
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the wrapt Seraph that adores and burns; 270
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

VER. 250.] *The Extravagance, Impiety, and Pride of such a desire.*

VER. 257.] Vid. the prosecution and application of this in Epist. 4. ver. 160, &c.

Cease

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name :
 Our proper blifs depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own *point* : This kind, this due degree 275
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour. 280
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And spight of pride, in erring reason's spight, 285
 One truth is clear ; "Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT."

VER. 273.] *The Consequence of all, the absolute Submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future State.*

EPISTLE II.

K NOW then thy self, presume not God to scan :

The proper study of mankind is *Man*,

Plac'd on this Isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great :

With too much knowledge for the Scep'tic side, 5

With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,

He hangs between : in doubt to act, or rest,

In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast ;

In doubt, his mind or body to prefer,

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,

Whether he thinks too little, or too much ;

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;

Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd ;

Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15

Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :

The glory, jest, and riddle, of the world !

Go wond'rous creature ! mount where Science guides,

Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides, 20

OF the Nature and State of MAN as an INDIVIDUAL. The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature, his Power, Frailties, and the Limits of his Capacity.

Show

ETHIC EPISTLES.

25

Show by what laws the wandering Planets stray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

Go soar with *Plato* to th' empyreal sphere,
To the *first* good, *first* perfect, and *first* fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,

25

And quitting sense call *imitating God*,
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads, to imitate the *Sun*.

Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule —
Then drop into thy-self, and be a fool !

30

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a *NEWTON* as we shew an Ape.

Could He, whose rules the whirling Comet bind, 35
Describe, or fix, one movement of the Mind ?

Who saw the Stars here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end ?

Alas what wonder ! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from Art to art; 40
But when his *own* great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Two Principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love, to urge, and *Reason*, to restrain :
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move, or govern all ;

45

VER. 43.] *The Two Principles of Man, SELF-
LOVE and REASON, both necessary, 49. Self-love the
stronger, and why? 57. their End the same, 71.*

And

And to their proper operation still

Ascribe all Good, to their Improper, Ill.

Self-love the spring of motion, acts the soul;

Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.

50

Man but for that, no *action* could attend,

And but for this, were active to no *end*;

Fix'd, like a plant on his peculiar spot,

To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;

Or meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,

55

Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most *strength* the *moving* Principle requires;

Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires:

Sedate and quiet the *comparing* lies,

Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.

60

Self-love still stronger, as its objects *nigh*;

Reason's at *distance*, and in prospect lie;

That sees immediate good, by *present* sense,

Reason the *future*, and the consequence;

Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng;

65

At best more *watchful* this, but that more *strong*.

The action of the stronger to suspend,

Reason still *use*, to reason still *attend*:

Attention Habit and Experience gains,

Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.

70

Let subtle Schoolmen teach these friends to fight,

More studious to divide, than to unite,

And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,

With all the rash dexterity of Wit.

Wits, just like fools, at war about a *name*,

75

Have full as oft, *no* meaning, or *the same*.

Self-love

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire:
 But greedy that its object would devour,
 This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower: 80
 Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
 Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

Modes of Self-love the PASSIONS we may call;
 'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all.
 But ſince not every good we can *divide*, 85
 And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
 Paſſions tho' *ſelfiſh*, if their means be fair,
 Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care:
 Thoſe that *imparted*, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name. 90

In lazy *Apathy* let Stoics boaſt
 Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt,
 Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
 But ſtrength of mind is *exerciſe*, not *reſt*:
 The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul, 95
 Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
 On Life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
 Reaſon the card, but *Paſſion* is the gale:
 Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find;
 He mounts the ſtorm, and *walks upon the Wind*. 100

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet mix'd and ſoftned, in his work unite:
 Theſe, 'tis enough to *temper* and *employ*;
 But what compoſes man, can man *deſtroy*?

VER. 83.] *The PASSIONS and their Uſe.*

Suffice

Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road ; 105
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
 These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make, and maintain, the Balance of the mind : 110
 The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
 Gives all the *strength* and *colour* of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise ;
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 115
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all *alike* ;
 On different Senses different objects strike ;
 Hence different Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong, or weak, the organs of the frame ; 120
 And hence one Master Passion in the breast,
 Like *Aaron's* serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length, 125
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength :
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The mind's disease, its *ruling passion* came :

VER. 123, &c.] *The PREDOMINANT PASSION and its Force.*

Each

ETHIC EPISTLES.

29

Each vital humour which should feed the *whole*,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul; 130

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,

As the mind opens, and its functions spread,

Imagination plies her dang'rous art,

And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, *Habit* is its nurse; 135

Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;

Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,

As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sowre;

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,

In this weak *Queen*, some *Fav'rite* still obey. 140

Ah! If she lend not arms, as well as rules,

What can she more than *tell us* we are fools?

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,

A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

Or from a Judge turn pleader, to persuade 145

The choice we make, or justify it made.

Proud of an easy conquest all along,

She but removes weak passions for the strong;

So, when small humours gather to a gout,

The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out. 150

Yes, Nature's road must ever be prefer'd;

Reason is here no *guide*, but still a *guard*;

'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,

And treat this passion more as friend than foe;

A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 155

And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral *Ends*:

VER. 155.] *Its Necessity, in directing men to different purposes.* The particular application of this to the
several

Like varying winds, by *other* passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold or Glory please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of Ease, 160
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence:
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' ETERNAL ART, educing good from ill, 165
 Grafts on this Passion our *best Principle*;
 'Tis thus, the Mercury of man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest Body acts with Mind. 170

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
 The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear, 175
 From Spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy:
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind: 180
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:

several Pursuits of men, and the *General Good* resulting
 thence, falls into the succeeding books.

VER. 165.] *Its providential Use, in fixing our
 Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue.*

Nor

ETHIC EPISTLES.

32

Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our pride) 185

The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd ;

Reason the byas turns to good from ill,

And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Cataline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine. 190

The same ambition can destroy or save,

And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,

What shall *divide*? The *God* within the Mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 195

In man, they join to some mysterious use :

Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,

As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,

And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice

Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 200

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,

That vice or virtue there is none at all,

If white and black, blend, soften, and unite

A thousand ways, is there no black or white?

Ask your *own heart*; and nothing is so plain; 205

'Tis to *mistake* them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;

VER. 185, &c.] VIRTUE and VICE *join'd in our*
mixt Nature; the Limits near, yet the things separate,
and evident. The Office of Reason.

Yet

Yet seen too *oft*, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 210
 But where th' *Extreme* of vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask, where's the *North* ? at York 'tis on the Tweed,
 In Scotland at the Orcades, and there
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 215
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
 Ev'n those who dwells beneath its very Zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard Inhabitant contends is right. 220
 Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
 And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.
 'Tis but by *parts* we follow good or ill, 225
 For, vice or virtue, SELF directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
 But HEAV'N's great view is *one*, and that the WHOLE :
 That counter-works each folly and caprice ;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice : 230

VER. 201.] *Vice odious in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it.*

VER. 221, &c.] *The ENDS of PROVIDENCE and General Good answer'd in our Passions and Imperfections. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of men.*

That

That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To Kings presumption, and to crowds belief.
 That, Virtue's ends from *Vanity* can raise, 235
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And build on *wants*, and on *defects* of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 240
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie:
 To *these* we owe true friendship, love sincere, 245
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here:
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 250

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or self,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself:
 The learn'd is happy, nature to explore;
 The fool is happy, that he knows no more;
 The rich is happy, in the plenty given; 255
 The poor contented with the care of heaven.

VER. 239.] *How useful these are to SOCIETY in general, and to INDIVIDUALS in particular, 240, &c. in every STATE, and ev'ry AGE of Life, 261.*

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatick a king.
 The starving chymist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse. 260
 See! some strange Comfort ev'ry *state* attend,
 And *Pride* bestow'd on all, a common friend;
 See! some fit Passion ev'ry *age* supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
 Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays 265
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy:
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy; 270
 One prospect lost, another still we gain;
 And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain:
 Even mean SELF-LOVE becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise, 275
 'Tis this, " tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet *GOD IS WISE*."

V. 273. See farther, of the Use of this *Principle*
 in Man. Epist. 3. ver. 121, 124, 135, 145, 200, &c.
 270, &c. 316. And Epist. 4. ver. 348, and 358.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest; "The Universal Cause
"Acts to *one end*, but acts by *various laws*."

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world: behold the chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.

See, plastic Nature working to *this end*,
The single atoms each to other tend, 10

Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd, its neighbour to embrace.

See Matter next, with various life endu'd,

Prefs to one centre still, the *gen'ral good*.

See dying Vegetables life sustain, 15

See Life dissolving vegetate again:

All forms that perish other forms supply,

By turns they catch the vital breath, and die;

Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,

They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20

Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole:

One all-extending all-preserving soul

*Of the Nature and State of MAN with respect
to SOCIETY. The whole Universe one System of
Society.*

Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Makes beast in aid of man, and man of beast:
 All serv'd, all serving! nothing stands alone; 25
 The chain holds on, and *where* it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnit pours his throat?
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strows the plain?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 'Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
 The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, "see all things for my use! 45
 "See man for mine," replies a pamper'd goose;
 What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?
 All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him.

V. 27. *Nothing made wholly for Itself, nor yet wholly
 for another, but the Happiness of all Animals mutual.*

And

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant, that the pow'rful still the weak controul,
Be Man the wit, and tyrant of the whole :
Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows 55
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings,
Or hears the hawk when *Philomela* sings ? 60
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
For some, his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride.
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy 65
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
Nay feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the Being, makes it blest, 70
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by touch ætherial slain.
The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er.

VER. 72.] Several of the Antients, and many of the
Orientals since, esteem'd those who were struck by
Lightning as sacred persons, and the particular fa-
vourites of Heaven.

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend, 75
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its End;
 To Man imparts it; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. 80
 Great standing Miracle! that heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason, or with instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits 'em best,
 To bless, alike, by that direction tend, 85
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest; 90
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest Instinct comes a Volunteer:
 This too serves always, Reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours;
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct, as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100

VER. 83.] Reason or Instinct alike operate to the
 good of each Individual, and operate also to SOCIETY
 in all Animals.

Præscient,

ETHIC EPISTLES.

39

Præficient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as † *Demoivre*, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, *Columbus* like, explore 105
 Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its *proper Bliss*, and sets its *proper Bounds*: 110
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the whole to bless
 On mutual *Wants* built mutual Happiness:
 So from the first eternal ORDER ran,
 And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.

Whate'er of life all-quickenning æther keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth; one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each Sex desires alike, till two are one:
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their Race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;

† *Demoivre, an eminent Mathematician.*

VER. 115.] *How far SOCIETY carry'd by INSTINCT.*

The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands.
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love: 135
 With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn,
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
 And still new Needs, new Helps, new Habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose, 140
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those;
 The last scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Mem'ry and Forecast, just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age; 145
 While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
 The State of Nature was the Reign of God:
 Self-love, and Social, at her birth began, 150
 Union the Bond of all things, and of Man.
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;

VER. 131.] *How much farther SOCIETY is carry'd
 by Reason.*

VER. 148.] *Of the STATE of NATURE: That it
 was Social. The*

The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed. 155
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest :
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal care, 160
 And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.
 Ah how unlike the man of times to come !
 Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb ;
 Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own. 165
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
 The Fury-Passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, Man.
 See him from nature rising slow to art ! 170
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part ;
 Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake —
 " Go ! from the creatures thy instructions take ;
 " Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 " Learn from the beasts, the Physick of the field : 175
 " Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
 " Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
 " Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

VER. 170.] Reason *instructed* by Instinct in the *Invention of Arts, and in the Forms of Society.*

VER. 178.] Oppian. Halieut. Lib. 1. describes this Fish in the following manner. " They swim on the surface

" Here too all forms of social union find, 180
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind :
 " Here subterranean works and cities see,
 " There towns aerial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small people's genius, policies ;
 " The Ants Republick, and the Realm of Bees ; 185
 " How those in common all their stores bestow,
 " And Anarchy without confusion know ;
 " And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve their state ; 190
 " Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate,
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of law,
 " And right too rigid harden into wrong,
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 196
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 " And for those arts meer Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.
 Great *Nature* spoke ; observant Man obey'd ; 200
 Cities were built, Societies were made ;
 Here rose one little State ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' Love, or Fear.

" surface of the sea, on the back of their shells,
 " which exactly resemble the hulk of a Ship ; they
 " raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane
 " between, which serves as a sail ; the other two feet
 " they employ as oars at the side. They are usually
 " seen in the Mediterranean.

VER. 200.] *Origine of POLITICAL SOCIETIES.*

Did

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend, 205
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form'd; the name of *King* unknown,
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts, or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a Sire the sons obey'd,
 A Prince the father of a people made. 215

Till then, by nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
 King, Priest, and Parent of his growing state:
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their Law, his eye; their Oracle, his tongue:
 He, from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food, 220
 Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th' Abyfs profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial Eagle to the ground.
 Till drooping, sickning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man. 225
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
 One great, first father, and that First ador'd.
 Or plain Tradition that this All *begun*,
 Convey'd unbroken Faith from fire to son,

VER. 211.] *Origine of MONARCHY.*

VER. 216.] ——— of PATRIARCHAL GOVERNMENT.

The

The Worker from the Work distinct was known, 230
 And simple reason never fought but *one* :
 E're Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right,
 To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God. 235
 Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then ;
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
 No Ill could fear in God ; and understood
 A sovereign Being but a sovereign Good.
 True Faith, true Policy, united ran, 240
 That was but Love of God, and this of Man.
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one ?
 That proud exception to all Natures laws,
 T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause ? 245
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law ;
 'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conq'rors, Slaves of subjects made :
 She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray [ground,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and Fiends infernal rise ; 255

VER. 236.] *Origine of TRUE RELIGION and GOVERNMENT, from the Principle of LOVE; and of SUPERSTITION and TYRANNY, from that of FEAR.*

Here

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;
 Fear made her Devils, and weak hope her Gods ;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge or lust,
 Such as the souls of Cowards might conceive, 260
 And form'd *like* Tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
 And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' æthereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore : 265
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood,
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives SELF-LOVE, thro' just and thro' unjust, 270
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust :
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ? 275
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take ?
 His Safety must his Liberty restrain ;
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by self defence, 180
 Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence :

VER. 270.] *The influence of SELF-LOVE operating
 to the SOCIAL and Publick Good.*

Self.

46 ETHIC EPISTLES.

Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human kind, 285
Poet or Patriot, rose, but to restore
'The Faith and Moral *Nature* gave before ;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
Taught Pow'rs due use to People and to Kings, 290
Taught, nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less and greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too,
Till jarring Int'rests of themselves create
Th' according Music of a well-mix'd State. 295
Such is the WORLD's great harmony, that springs
From Union, Order, full Consent of things ;
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
More pow'rful each, as needful to the rest, 300
And in proportion as it blesses, blest,
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest, 305
Whate'er is best administred, is best:

VER. 284.] *Restoration of True Religion and Government on their first Principle. Mixt Governments ; with the various forms of each, and the TRUE USE OF ALL.*

The Deduction and Application of the foregoing Principles, with the *Use or Abuse of Civil and Ecclesiastical Policy*, was intended for the subject of the third Book.

For

ETHIC EPISTLES.

47

For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right :
All must be false, that thwart this one, great End,
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives,
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;
So two consistent motions act the soul, 315
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL be the SAME.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bare to live, and dare to die:
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
 Plant of Cælestial feed! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair opening to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine, 15
 Twin'd with the wreathes Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in Iron harvests of the Field?
 Where grows—where grows it not?—If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
 Ask of the Learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind,
 This bids to serve, and that to shun, mankind; 20
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;

*Of the Nature and State of MAN, with respect
 to HAPPINESS.*

Who

ETHIC EPISTLES.

49

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
One grants his pleasure is but rest from pain;
One doubts of all; one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

25

Take *Nature's* path, and mad *Opinions* leave,
All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive;
Obvious her goods; in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well:
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is *common Sense*, and *common Ease*.

31

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing Individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, rest self-satisfy'd;
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink;

35

40

VER. 27.] HAPPINESS the END of all men, and attainable by all.

VER. 33.] GOD governs by general not particular Laws; intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general.

D

Each

Each has his share ; and who wou'd more obtain, 45
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's great Law ; and this confess,
Some are and must be, mightier than the rest,
More rich, more wise : but who infers from hence
That such are *happier*, shocks all common sense. 50
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness :
But mutual Wants this happiness increase,
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, Circumstance is not the thing ; 55
Bliss is the same, in Subject, or in King,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul. 60
But *Fortune's* gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all *contest* ?
If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose, 65
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in *Hope*, and these in *Fear* :

VER. 47.] *It is necessary for ORDER and the common Peace, that External Goods be unequal, therefore Happiness is not constituted in these.*

VER. 65.] *The Balance of human happiness kept equal (notwithstanding Externals) by HOPE and FEAR.*

The Exemplification of this Truth, by a view of the Equality of Happiness in the several particular Stations of life, were design'd for the subject of a future Epistle.

ETHIC EPISTLES.

51

Not present Good, or Ill, the joy or curse,
But future views, of Better, or of Worse, 79

Oh Sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the Skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the Good that Individuals find, 75
Or God and Nature meant to meer mankind,
Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

But Health consists with Temperance alone,
And Peace, O *Virtue* ! Peace is all thy own ; 80
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risque the most, that take wrong means or right ?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst, 85
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains ;
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good. 90

Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below !
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe :
Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

VER. 75.] *In what the Happiness of Individuals
consists ? and that the GOOD MAN has the Advantage,
even in this world.*

VER. 91.] *That no man is unhappy thro' VIRTUE.*

D 2

But

But fools the Good alone unhappy call, 95
 For ills or accidents that chance to All.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of life? 100
 Say was it Virtue, (more tho' heav'n ne'er gave).
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the *Son* expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the *Sire*?
 Why drew MARSEILLE's good Bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd and each gale was death?
 Or why so long, (in life if long can be)
 Lent heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor, and me?
 What makes all Phylcal or Moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will. 110
 God sends not Ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
 Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain, 115
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
 Think we, like some weak Prince th' Eternal Cause,
 Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his laws? 120
 Shall burning *Ætna*, if a Sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires!
 On Air or Sea new motions be impress,
 O blameless BETHEL! to relieve thy breast?

When

ETHIC EPISTLES. 53

When the loose Mountain trembles from on high, 125

Shall Gravitation cease as you go by ?

Or some old Temple, nodding to its fall,
For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall ?

But still this World (so fitted for the knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have ? 130

A kingdom of the Just then let it be :

But first consider how those Just agree ?

The good must merit God's peculiar care ;

But who but God can tell us who they are ?

One thinks on *Calvin* Heav'n's own spirit tell, 135

Another deems him Instrument of hell ;

If *Calvin* feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,

This cries, there is," and that, " there is no God."

What shocks one part will edify the rest,

Nor with one System can they all be blest. 140

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.

" Whatever is, is RIGHT." This world, 'tis true,

Was made for *Cæsar*, but for *Titus* too :

And which more *blest* ? who chain'd his Country, say,

Or he, whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day ? 146

" But sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed"

What then ? is the reward of virtue, Bread ?

That, Vice may merit : 'tis the price of Toil :

The knave deserves it when he tills the soil, 150

The knave deserves it when he tempts the Main,

Where Folly fights for Kings, or drowns for Gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent,

Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.

54 ETHIC EPISTLES.

But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?

"No-shall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:

"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no King?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?

Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n? 166

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough while he has more to give:

Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand:

Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, 167

The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?

Then give Humility a Coach and six,

Justice a Conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a Gown,

Or publick Spirit its great cure, a Crown, 170

Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring

No joy, or be destructive of the thing.

How oft by these at sixty are undone!

The virtues of a Saint at twenty-one?

For Riches, can they give, but to the Just, 173

His own contentment, or another's trust?

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,

Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy mind,

The Lover, and the Love of Human kind, 180

V. 167.] *That External Goods are not the proper Rewards of Virtue; often inconsistent with, or destructive of it; but that all these can make no man happy without Virtue. Instanced in each of them.*

1. Riches

Whose

Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear ;
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year !

Honour or shame from no Condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 185
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
The Cobler apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,
The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?"
I'll tell you, friend ; a Wise man and a Fool. 190
You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the monk,
Or cobbler-like, the Parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the Man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest, is all but Leather or Prunella.

Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings.
Thy boasted blood, a thousand years or so,
May from Lucretia to Lucretia flow ;
But by your Fathers worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great. 200
Go ! if your antient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
Not own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards ? 205
Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDs.

Look next on *Greatness*, say where *Greatness* lies ?
"Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wise ?"

2. Honours,
5. Greatness.

3. Titles,

4. Birth.

D 4

Heroes

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's Madman to the Swede ; 210
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind ;
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
 No less alike the Politick and wise, 215
 All fly, slow things, with circumspective eyes :
 Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take,
 Nor that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that these can conquer, these can cheat,
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great : 220
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.]
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in Exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 225
 Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's *Fame* ? that fancy'd Life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us ev'n before our death.
 Just what you *bear*, you have ; and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's or your own. 230
 All that we *feel* of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
 To all beside, as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead,
 Alike, or when or where, they shone or shine, 235
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God:
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave; 240
 When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
 All Fame is foreign, but of true desert,
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 245
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzza's;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies!
 Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wise? 250
 'Tis but to know, how little can be known;
 To see all other faults, and feel our own;
 Condemn'd in Business or in Arts to drudge,
 Without a Second, or without a Judge.
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 255
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful Preheminence! your self to view
 Above Life's weakness, and its Comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
 Make fair deductions, see to what they mount, 260
 How much of other each is sure to cost?
 How each for other oft is wholly lost?
 How inconsistent greater goods with these?
 How sometimes Life is risqu'd, and always Ease?

7. Superior Parts.

Think,

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Think, and if still the Things thy envy call, 265
 Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 270
 If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call, 275
 From ancient Story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complet!
 In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
 (How happy!) those to ruin, these betray. 180
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud *Venice* rose;
 In each, how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man.
 Now *Europe's* laurels on their brows behold, 285
 But stain'd with Blood, or ill exchange'd for Gold;
 Then see them broke with Toils, or sunk in Ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
 Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 290
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
 The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous Shade.

Alas!

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59

Alas! not dazled with their noontide ray, 223

Compute the morn and evening to the day:

The whole Amount of that enormous fame,

A Tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame.

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)

" VIRTUE alone is Happiness below : " 300

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;

Where only, merit constant pay receives,

Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives ;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 305

And if it lose, attended with no pain :

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,

And but more relish'd, as the more distress'd :

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,

Less pleasing far, than Virtue's very tears. 310

Good, from each object, from each place, acquir'd ;

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;

Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 315

Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on All bestow ;

Which who but feels, can taste, but thinks, can know :

V. 300] *That VIRTUE only constitutes a Happiness, whose Object is Universal, and whose Prospect Eternal.*

V. 318, &c.] *That the Perfection of Happiness consists in a Conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it, here, and hereafter.*

Yet

Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
 The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find ; 320
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God,
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal, and divine ;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 325
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this Union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in Love of God, and Love of MAN. 330

For him alone, *Hope* leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 335
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown ?
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek, they find)
 Wise is the Present : she connects in this
 His greatest *Virtue* with his greatest *Bliss* ; 340
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-Love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
 Gives thee to make thy Neighbours blessing thine :
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part : 345
 Grasp the whole Worlds, of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence :

Happier,

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Happier, as kinder, in whate'er degree;
And height of *Bliss* but height of CHARITY. 350

God loves from Whole to Parts; but human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.

Self-Love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 355
Another still, and still another spreads.

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race;

Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 360

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its Image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
Oh master of the Poet, and the Song!

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 365
To Man's low passions, or their glorious Ends,

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe, 370

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

O! while along the stream of Time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 375
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,

Shall

Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT;
 That REASON, PASSION, answer *one great AIM*: 385
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
 That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
 And all our Knowledge is, OUR SELVES TO KNOW.

End of the First Book of Ethic Epistles.

EPISTLES

EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

*Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, sæpe jocofo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ;
Interdum Urbani parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò —*

HOR.

EPISTLES

SEVERAL PERSONS

TO THE
HONORABLE
THE LORDS OF THE
COUNCIL OF STATE
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
IN THE CITY OF
PARIS
IN THE YEAR
OF THE REPUBLIC
THE FIFTH

1795

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of MEN, To Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,
LORD Viscount COBHAM.

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EPISTLE

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,

Lord Viscount COBHAM.

YES, you despise the Man to Books confin'd,
Who from his Study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns, he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb Bird, so talkative and grave, 5
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all Extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much. 10

First printed in the Year 1733. Of the KNOW-
LEDGE and CHARACTERS OF MEN. *That it is not
sufficient for this Knowledge to consider Man in the
Abstract.*

V. 10. *Not to be learn'd, either by Books, or our own
Observation singly, but by both.*

E

To

To Observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;
 To written Wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from Guess.

There's some *Peculiar* in each leaf and grain; 15
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of Mind, as Moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less: 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's Colours cast on life.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
 The Optics seeing, as the Objects seen.
 All Manners take a tincture from our own, 25
 Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown,
 Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds?
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds? 30

V. 15. *General Maxims notional, a Peculiarity in every Man.*

V. 19. *The difficulties of discovering and fixing this Peculiarity.*

V. 29. *The Uncertainty of the Principle of Action in Men.*

V. 18. *There are above 300 Sorts of Moss observed by Naturalists.*

Life

EPISTLES

67

Life's stream for observation will not stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
On human Actions reason tho' you can,
It may be Reason, but it is not Man;
His Principle of Action once explore,
That Instant, 'tis his principle no more;
Like following Life thro' Creatures you dissect,
You lose it, in the moment you detect.

35

40

Oft, in the Passions wild rotation tost,
Our Spring of Action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is matter of the field.
As the last Image of that troubled heap,
When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our Dream is wrought;
Something, as dim to our internal view,
Is thus perhaps the cause of all we do.

45

50

In vain the grave, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent *what* conclude the *why*,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show
That what we *chanc'd*, was what we *meant* to do.

V. 41. *Our own Principle of Action, often unknown to ourselves.*

V. 51, &c. to 70. *No judging of the Motives from the Actions, the same Actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and contrary Actions from the same Motives.*

E 2

Behold!

Behold! if Fortune, or a Mistress frowns, 55
 Some plunge in bus'ness, other shave their crowns:
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
 This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field. 60

Not always *Actions* shew the Man; we find,
 Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
 Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast;
 Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East.
 Not therefore humble, he who seeks retreat, 65
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the Great.
 Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave;
 He dreads a Death-bed like the meanest slave.
 Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise;
 His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies. 70

But grant that *Actions* best discover Man;
 Take the most *strong*, and sort them as you can:
 The *few* that glare, each Character must mark,
 You balance not the *many* in the dark.
 What will you do with such as disagree? 75
 Suppress them, or miscall them Policy?
 Must then at once (the Character to save)
 The plain, rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?

V. 60. CHARLES V.

PHILIP II.

V. 71. *To form Characters, we can only take the strongest and most shining Actions of a man's Life, and try to make them consistent. The Uncertainty of this.*

Alas!

Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd. 80

Ask why from Britain, Cæsar made retreat?
Cæsar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage Historians! 'tis your task to prove 85
One action, Conduct, one, Heroic love.

'Tis from *high Life* high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
A Gownman learn'd; a Bishop, what you will: 90
Wife, if a Minister; but if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing,
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.
In Life's low vale, (the foil the Virtues like) 95
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same Sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And always set the Gem above the Flow'r. 100

'Tis *Education* forms the vulgar mind;
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first Son is a Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a Liar:

V. 87. *Characters given merely according to the Rank of men in the world.*

V. 101. *Education alters the Character of most men.*

Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave; 105
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of Pow'r;
 A Quaker? fly; a Presbyterian? sour;
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour. }

True, some are open and to all men known; 110
 Others so very close they're hid from none:
 (So Darkness fills the eye no less than Light)
 Thus gracious *CHANDOS* is belov'd at fight;
 And ev'ry child hates *Shylock*, tho' his soul
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole. 115

At half mankind when gen'rous *Manly* raves,
 All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
 When universal homage *Umbra* pays,
 All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
 Who but detests th' Endearments of *Courtine*? 120
 While *Que* there is, who charms us with his *Spleen*.

But these plain Characters we rarely find,
 Tho' strong the Bent, yet quick the Turns of mind.
 Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole,
 Or Affectations quite reverse the soul. 125
 The dull, flat Falschood serves for Policy,
 And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a Lye.
 Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wise,
 The Fool lies hid in Inconsistencies.

V. 110. *Of plain Characters.*

V. 122. *Of the Causes confounding Characters.*

V. 130 *Of the Inconsistency of a Man with himself.*

See

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See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ; 130
 Alone, in company ; in place, or out :
 Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late ;
 Mad at a Fox-chase, wife at a Debate ;
 Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball ;
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall. 135

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave ;
 Save just at Dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
 A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.

Who would not praise *Patritio's* high desert ? 140
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head ; all Int'rests weigh'd,
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
 He thanks you not ; his pride was in Piquette,
 Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett. 145

Triumphant Leaders, at an Army's head,
 Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer cloth or bread,
 As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
 Now save a People, and now save a groat.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron !
 Otho a Warrior, *Cromwell* a Buffoon ? 151
 A perjur'd Prince a *Leaden Saint* revere ?
 A god-less Regent tremble at a *Star* ?

V. 136. *Unimaginable Weaknesses in the best or greatest Men.*

V. 152. A perjur'd Prince, &c. *Lewis XI. of France.*

V. 155, *Gr. Victor Amadeo II. King of Sardinia,*
 who resign'd his Crown to his Son, and afterwards
 being inclin'd to resume it, was imprisoned till he
 died.

The Throne a *Bigot* keep, a *Genius* quit,
 Faithless thro' *Piety*, and dup'd thro' *Wit*? 155
 Europe, a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule;
 And just her ablest Monarch made a fool?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same:
 In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
 A Bird of passage! lost, as soon as found;
 Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground!
 Ask mens *Opinions*: *Scoto* now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well;
 Strike off his Pension by the setting sun,
 And Britain, if not *Europe*, is undone. 165 [*Climes,*
Manners with Fortunes, *Humour* change with
Tenets with Books, and *Principles* with Times.

Judge we by *Nature*? Habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:
 By *Actions*? those Uncertainty divides: 170
 By *Passions*? these Dissimulation hides:
Affections? they still take a wider range:
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?
 'Tis in the ruling *Passion*: there alone,
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known, 175

V. 158. *Nothing constant and certain, but God and NATURE.*

V. 162, &c. *No judgment to be made of Men by their Opinions, Manners, Humours, Principles, Constitution, Actions, Affections, Passions — only by the RULING PASSION.*

V. 175. *This, if to be found, reconciles the seeming, or real Inconsistencies of Men's Actions. An Example, in a Character of the strongest Contradictions.*

The

The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This Clue once found, unravels all the rest;
 The prospect clears, and Clodio stands confest.
 Clodio, the Scorn and Wonder of our days, 180
 Whose ruling Passion was the *Lust of Praise*;
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wife,
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies.
 Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 The Club must hail him, Master of the *Joke*. 185
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
 He'll shine a Tully, and a Willmor too:
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and Whores:
 Enough, if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.
 Thus, with each gift of Nature, and of Art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
 And most contemptible to shun contempt: 195
 His Passion, still to covet gen'ral praise,
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
 An Angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd;
 A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
 A Rebel to the very King he loves;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each Church and State!
 And (harder still) flagitious, yet not great! 205
 Afc

Ask you why *Clodio* broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear, the Knaves should call him Fool.

Nature well known, no Miracles remain;

Comets are regular, and *Clodio* plain.

Yet in the search, the wisest may mistake, 210

If *second* Qualities for *first* they take:

When *Catiline* by rapine swell'd his store,

When *Cæsar* made a noble Dame a whore,

In this the Lust, in that the Avarice,

Were means, not ends: Ambition was the vice. 215

That very *Cæsar*, born in *Scipio*'s days,

Had aim'd like him, by Chastity, at praise:

Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,

Had roasted Turnips in the *Sabin* farm.

In vain th' Observer eyes the Builder's toil, 220

But quite mistakes the *Scaffola* for the *Pile*.

In this one Passion, Man can strength enjoy,

As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.

Time that on all things lays his lenient hand,

Yet tames not this: it sticks to our last sand: 225

Consistent in our follies, and our sins,

Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Behold a rev'rend Sire, whom Want of grace

Has made the father of a nameless race.

V. 210. A caution against the mistake of second Qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the Knowledge of Mankind.

V. 222, &c. Examples of the strength, and certain continuance of the Ruling Passion till Death.

Of the Use of this Passion, see the Essay on Man, Epist. 2. v. 123, 155, 165.

Crawl thro' the street, shov'd on, or rudely press'd 230
 By his own sons that pass him by un-blest'd!
 Still to his wench he creeps on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he sees.

A Salmon's belly, *Helluo*, was thy fate:
 The Doctor call'd declares all help too late. 235
 Mercy! cries *Helluo*, mercy on my soul!
 Is there no hope? alas! then bring the Jowl.

"Odious! in *Woollen*! 'twou'd a Saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor *Narcissa* spoke)

"No, let a charming chintz, and *Brussels* lace 240

"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead --

"And, *Betty*! give this cheek a little Red.

Old Politicians chew on Wisdom past,
 And blunder on in Bus'ness to the last; 245

As weak as earnest; and as gravely out,

As sober *Lanes'brow*, dancing in the Gout.

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble Servant to all Human kind.

V. 247. An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the Gout. Upon the death of Prince *George* of *Denmark*, he demanded an Audience of the *Queen*, to advise her to preserve her health, and dispel her grief by *Dancing*.

The rest of these Instances are strictly true, tho' the persons are not named.

Just

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir."

"I give and I devise (old *Euclio* said,

And sigh'd) "my Lands and Tenements to *Ned*."

Your Money, Sir? My Money, Sir! what all!

"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it *Paul*." 255

The Mannor, Sir? "The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,

"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your *ruling Passion* strong in death:

Such in those moments as in all the past, 260

* O save my Country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

To a LADY.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most Women have no Characters at all."

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many Pictures of one Nymph we view, 5
All how unlike each other, all how true!

Arcadia's Countess, here in ermin'd pride,
Is there *Pastora* by a Fountain side:

Here *Fannia*, leering on her own good mate,
Is there, a naked *Leda* with a Swan, 10

Let then the Fair-one beautifully cry,
In *Magdalen's* loose hair and lifted eye,

Of the CHARACTERS of WOMEN, [a Corollary to the former Epistle] treating of this Sex only as contradistinguished from the other. First publish'd in 1735.

V. 1, &c. That the particular Characters of Women are not so strongly mark'd as those of Men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves.

Or

Or drest in smiles of sweet *Cecilia* shine,
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and harps divine ;
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
 If Folly grows romantic, I must paint it ?

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,
 Chuse a firm Cloud before it fall, and in it
 Catch, e're she change, the *Cynthia* of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the *Park*,
 Attracts each light gay Meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with *Rufa* studying *Locke*,
 As *Sapho*'s diamonds with her dirty smock ;
 Or *Sapho*, at her Toiler's greazy task, 25
 And issuing flagrant to an evening Mask,
 So morning insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the setting-sun.

How soft is *Silia* ! fearful to offend,
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend : 30
 To her, *Calista* prov'd her conduct nice,
 And good *Simplicius* asks of her Advice.
 Sudden she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure, *Silia* does not drink.

Instances of this Position, given even from such
 Characters as are most strongly mark'd, and seemingly
 therefore most consistent. As first, Contrarieties in
 the Affected. Ver. 21.

II. Contrarieties in the Soft-natur'd. Ver. 29. and
 37.

EPISTLES.

79

All eyes may see from what the change arose ; 35

All eyes may see — a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,

Sighs for the shades — " How charming is a *Park* !

A *Park* is purchas'd ; but the Fair he sees

All bath'd in tears — " Oh odious, odious *Trees* ! 40

Ladies like variegated Tulips show,

'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe,

Such happy spots the nice admirer take,

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

'Twas thus *Calypso* once our hearts alarm'd, 45

Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd ;

Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,

Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise ;

Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,

Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ; 50

Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,

As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,

To make a wash, would hardly stew a child,

Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55

And paid a Tradesman once, to make him stare,

Gave alms at *Easter* in a christian trim,

And made a Widow happy, for a whim.

Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,

When 'tis by that alone she can be born ? 60

III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*,
Ver. 45.

IV. In the *Whimsical*. Ver 53.

Why

EPISTLES.

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame!
 Now deep in *Taylor* and the book of *Martyrs*,
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and *Chartres*.
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns; 65
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
 A very heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to *pray*,
 To *toast* our wants and wishes, is her way; 70
 Nor asks of *God* but of her *Stars* to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, *Rosamonda's* bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind? 75
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
 Wife Fool! with pleasures too refin'd to please,
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease,
 With too much quickness ever to be taught,
 With too much thinking to have common thought: 80
 Who purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on *Simo's* Mate;
 No *Als* so meek, no *Als* so obstinate:
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends, 85
Because she's honest, and the best of friends:

V. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refin'd*. V. 69.

VI.— in the *stupid* and *simple*. V. 83.

Or

Or her, whose life the Church and scandal share,
 For ever in a Passion or a Pray'r :
 Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, oh how charming if there's no such place! 90
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratify and Tears,
 The daily Anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
 Woman and Fool are *two* hard things to hit, 95
 For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

Pictures like these, (dear Madam) to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right ; 100
 For how should equal colours do the knack,
 Cameleons who can paint in white and black ?

* In publick Stations Men sometimes are shown,
 A Woman's seen in private life alone :
 Our bolder Talents in full view display'd, 105
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.

* Between this and the former lines, and also in some following parts, a want of Connection may be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *Examples* and *Illustrations* of the Maxims laid down, which may put the reader in mind of what the Author has said in his Imitation of *Horace*,

*Publish the present Age, but where the text
 Is Vice too bigb, reserve it for the next.*

Bred to disguise, in publick 'tis you hide;
 Where none distinguish 'twixt your *Shame* or *Pride*,
Weakness or *Delicacy*; all so nice,
 Each is a sort of *Virtue*, and of *Vice*. 110

In Men, we various ruling Passions find,
 In Women, two almost divide the Kind;
 Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The Love of *Pleasures*, and the Love of *Sway*.

That, *Nature* gives; and where the Lesson taught 115
 Is still to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this: by Man's Oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to pleasure take,
 But every Woman is, at heart a Rake: 120
 Men, some to Quiet, some to publick Strife,
 But every Lady would be Queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
 Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means.
 In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage, 125
 As leaves them scarce a Subject in their Age:

V. 111. *The former part having shewn that the particular Characters of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observ'd, that the General Characteristic of the Sex, as to the Ruling Passion, is more uniform.*

V. 115. *This is occasion'd partly by their Nature, partly their Education, and in some degree by Necessity.*

V. 123. *What are the Aims and the Fate of this Sex? I. — As to Power.*

EPISTLES.

83

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
 No thought of Peace or Happiness at home.
 But Wisdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
 As hard a science to the Fair as Great! 130
 Beauties like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate Repose, and dread to be alone;
 Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the Sex, as Children birds, pursue, 135
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost.
 At last, to Follies Youth could scarce defend,
 It grows their Age's prudence to pretend: 140
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
 As Hags hold *Sabbaths*, less for joy than spight,
 So these their merry miserable Night;
 Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide, 145
 And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
 A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards,
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
 Young without Lovers, old without a Friend, 150
 A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah Friend! to *dazzle* let the Vain design,
 To raise the Thought and touch the Heart, be thine!

II. — As to *Pleasure*. V. 135.

F 2

That

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing. 156
 So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
 All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
 Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
 And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines. 160

Oh! blest with *Temper*, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to morrow chearful as to day ;
 She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear ;
 Who never answers till a Husband cools, 165
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
 Lets Fops or Fortune fly which way they will ;
 Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille ; 170
 Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
 And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can 175
 Its last, best work, but forms a *softer Man* ;
 Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
 Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest,
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
 Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools. 180

V. 153. *Advice for their true Interest.*

V. 175. *The Picture of an esteemable Woman, with
 the best kind of Contrarities.*

Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride,
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new ;
 Shakes all together, and produces ——— *You*.

Ev'n such is Woman's Fame: With this un-blest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest. 186
 This Phœbus promis'd, (I forget the Year,)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
 Averted half your Parent's simple Pray'r, 190
 And gave you *Beauty*, but deny'd the *Pelf*
 That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itself:
 The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
 And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
 Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it, 195
 To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

EPISTLE III.

To the Rt. Honourable

ALLEN Lord BATHURST. *

WHO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the Word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the standing Jest of heav'n,
And Gold but sent to keep the fools in play, 5
For half to heap, and half to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our Kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground; 10
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its fire the Sun,
Then, in plain prose, were made two sorts of men,
To squander some, and some to hide agen.

* First published in 1732.

OF THE USE OF RICHES. *That the true use of Riches is known to few, most falling into one of the Extremes, Avarice or Profusion.* V. 1, &c.

Like

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past, 15
 We find our Tenets just the same at last :
 Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
 No Grace of heav'n, or token of th' Elect ;
 Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
 To *Ward*, to *Waters*, *Chartres*, and the Devil. 20

V. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a Conveyance with Sir John Blount to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward, but he set up prior Conveyances of his real Estate to his Brother and Son, and conceal'd all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds: These Conveyances being also set aside by a Bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his Effects till the last day, which was that of his Examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give Poison to Dogs and Cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *Worth* of this Gentleman, at the several *Æra's* of his life; at his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his Commitment to Prison, he was *worth*

one hundred and fifty thousand, but has been since so far diminished in his Reputation, as to be thought a worse Man by fifty or sixty thousand.

FR. CHARTRES, a Man infamous for all manner of Vice. When he was an Ensign in the Army, he was drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next banish'd Brussels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming-Tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating Premium, interest, and capital into a new Capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His House was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardoned, but the last time not without Imprisonment in Newgate, and large Confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great riot, almost tore the Body out of the Coffin, and cast dead Dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,

In the Practice of EVERY HUMANE VICE;
 Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
 His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
 His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating *Pravus*,
 of his *Manners*, than successful in
Accumulating WEALTH,
 For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
 Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
 And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
 He acquired, or more properly Created,
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who cou'd CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
 Retain his Primæval MEANNESS when possess'd of
 TEN THOUSAND A YEAR,
 And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could not do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life Useless to Mankind!
 PROVIDENCE, conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
 To give to After-Ages a conspicuous
 PROOF, and EXAMPLE,
 Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
 in the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on
 The most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds*
a year Estate in Land, and about *one hundred thou-*
sand in Money.

Mr.

What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows:

But how unequal it bestows, observe,

'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve.

What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25

Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust;

And if we count among the Needs of life

Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?

Useful, we grant, it serves what life requires,

But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires: 30

Trade it may help, Society extend;

But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend:

It raises Armies in a Nation's aid,

But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.

Oh! that such bulky *Bribes* as all might see 35

Still, as of old, enumber'd Villany!

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,

If secret Gold saps on from knave to knave.

Mr. WATERS, the third of these Worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil Capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent Attendance on the Necessities of others. But this Gentleman's History must be deferred till his death, when his *Worth* may be known more certainly.

V. 21. What Nature wants, &c] *The Point discuss'd, whether the Invention of Money has been more commodious, or pernicious to mankind?*

EPISTLES.

91

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines? 40
 What could they more than Knights and Squires con-
 Or water all the Quorum ten miles round? [found.
 A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil?
 " Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oyl:
 " Huge bales of British cloath blockade the door; 45
 " A hundred Oxen at your Levee roar.
 Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
 Nor could Profusion squander all, in kind.
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
 And Worldly crying Coals from street to street, 50
 (Whom with a Wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor Tradesman craz'd)
 Had *Colepeper's* whole wealth been hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?

His

V. 50. Some Misers of great Wealth, Proprietors
 of the Coal-mines, had enter'd at this time into an As-
 sociation to keep up Coals to an extravagant price,
 whereby the Poor were reduced almost to starve, till
 one of them taking the Advantage of underselling the
 rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was
worth ten thousand, another *seven thousand* a year.

V. 53. *Colepeper*.] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Bart.
 a Person of an ancient Family and ample Fortune,
 without any other quality of a Gentleman, who after
 ruining himself at the Gaming-table, pass the rest of
 his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others;
 preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging,
 rather

His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led, 55
 With spurning heels, and with a butting head;
 To White's be carry'd, as to ancient Games,
 Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.
 Shall then Uxorio if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his Lady weep? 60
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of Swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious Skill,
 To spoil the Nation's last great Trade, Quadrille!
 Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 65
 From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea *spoke*,
 And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 " Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
 Blest *Paper-credit*! that advanc'd so high,
 Now lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 70

rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a Post in the Army which was offer'd him.

V. 65. — *beneath the Patriot's Cloak.*] This is a true Story which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large Bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

Gold,

Gold, imp'd with this, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry Kings;

A single Leaf can waft an Army o'er,

Or ship off Senates to some distant shore;

A Leaf like Sybil's, scatter to and fro

75

Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,

And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Well then, since with the World we stand or fall,

Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

80

What Riches give us, let us first enquire;

Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths, and

[fire,

V. 72. — *fetch or carry Kings.*] In our Author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The Partition-Treaty had dispos'd of Spain, France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of *Anjou* was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

V. 74. *Or ship off Senates to some distant shore.*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

V. 75. *A Leaf like Sybil's.* — Virg. *Æn.* 6.

V. 81. *What Riches give us, &c.*] *That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Necessaries, much less Happiness.*

Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?

Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Alas 'tis more than (all his Visions past)

85

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

What can they give? to dying Hopkins Heirs?

To Chartres Vigour, Japhet, Nose and ears?

V. 84. Turner.] One, who being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his Coach, because Interest was reduced from 5 to 4 *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the charitable Corporation for better interest: which Sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outliv'd it, but that he was Heir to another considerable Estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both Cloathes and all other expences.

V. 86. Unhappy Wharton!] A Nobleman of great Qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been Vices and Follies. See his Character in the first Epistle of the second book.

V. 87. Hopkins.] A Citizen whose Rapacity obtain'd him the name of Vultur Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds*: which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second Generation. His Counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his Money could only lie at Interest all that time, he exprest
great

EPISTLES.

93

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below ? 90
 Or heal, old Narfes, thy obscener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail ?
 They might, (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a Friend ;
 Or find some Doctor that would save the life 95
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife :
 But thousands die, without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat :
 To some indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
 T' enrich a Baltard, or a son they hate. 100

great joy thereat, and said, " They would then be
 " as long in spending, as he had been in getting it."
 But the Chancery afterwards set aside the Will, and
 gave it to the Heir at Law.

V. 88. Japhet, *Nose and Ears.*] JAPHET CROOK,
 alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of
 those parts, for having forged a *Conveyance* of an
 Estate to himself, upon which he took up several
 thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in
 Chancery for having fraudulently obtain'd a *Will*, by
 which he possess'd another considerable Estate, in
 wrong of the brother of the deceas'd. By these
 means he was *worth* a great Sum, which (in reward
 for the Small loss of his Ears) he enjoy'd in Prison
 till his death, and quietly left to his Executor.

V. 98. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat*] A fa-
 mous Duchess of Richmond in her last Will left con-
 siderable legacies and annuities to her Cats.

Per-

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
 That "ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
 "God cannot love (says Blunt, with lifted eyes) 105
 "The wretch he starves" — and piously denies;
 But rev'rend S — on with a softer air,
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
 Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself: 110

V. 102. Bond damns the Poor —

*But Rev'rend Sutton with a softer air
 Admits, and leaves them Providence's care.*

In the year 1730, a Corporation was established to lend money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir Arch. Grant, Mr. Denis Bond, Mr. Burroughs, &c. But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a Parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the Managers, who were Members of the House, were expelled. That "*God hates the Poor, and That every Man in want is Knave or Fool, &c*" were the genuine Apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

V. 110. *Each does but hate, &c.] That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy without an End or Purpose. Conjectures about the Motives of avaritious Men.*

Damn'd

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides,
 The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
 Who suffer thus, meer Charity should own
 Must act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown :
 Some War, some Plague, some Famine they foresee,
 Some Revelation, hid from you and me. 116
 Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
 He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.
 What made *Directors* cheat in South-sea year ?
 To live on Ven'son when 't sold so dear. 120
 Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys ?
 Phryne foresees a *General Excise*.
 Why she and Sapho raise that monstrous sum ?
 Alas! they fear a Man will cost a plum.
 Wife Peter sees the World's respect for Gold, 125
 And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold :
 Glo-

V. 120. *To live on Ven'son.*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison, was from three to five pounds.

V. 122. — *A General Excise.*] Many People about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this Lady might have some Intimation.

V. 125. *Wife Peter.*] PETER WALTER, a Person not only eminent in the Wisdom of his Profession, as a dextrous Attorney, but allow'd to be a good, if not a safe, Conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this Land, tho' free from all manner of Luxury and Ostentation: His Wealth was never seen,
 G and

Glorious Ambition! *Peter*, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great *Didius* was before.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest *Gage*.
But nobler scenes *Maria's* dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold,
Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th'Asturian Mines.

130

Much injur'd *Blunt*! why bears he Britain's hate?
A Wizar'd told him in these works our fate.

136

" At

and his Bounty never heard of; except to his own son, for whom he procur'd an Employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this Gentleman with any *Ambition*, is certainly a great wrong to him.

V. 128. *Rome's great Didius*.] A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of *Pertinax*.

V. 129. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two Persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the time of the *Mississipi* despis'd to realize above three hundred thousand pounds: The Gentleman with a view to the Purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a Vision of the like Royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of Gold in the Mines of the *Asturies*.

V. 135. *Much injur'd Blunt*.] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a Scrivener, was one of the first Projectors of the South-sea Company, and afterwards one of the Directors

Etors

EPISTLES.

99

" At length *Corruption*, like a gen'ral flood,
 " (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
 " Shall deluge all; and *Avarice* creeping on,
 " Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun. 140
 " Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,
 " Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box,
 " The Judge shall job, the Bishop bite the town,
 " And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
 " See Britain funk in Lucre's sordid charms, 145
 " And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's Arms!"
 No mean Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
 No Lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, (asham'd to see
 Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree, 150
 And nobly wishing *Party-rage* to cease)
 To *buy both sides*, and give thy Country peace.
 " All this is madness," cries a sober Sage:
 But who, my friend, has reason in his Rage?

ctors and chief Managers of the famous Scheme in
 1720. He was also one of those who suffer'd most
 severely by the Bill of Pains and Penalties on the said
 Directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious
 deportment, and confess'd to be a great Believer.
 Whether he did really credit the *Prophecy* here men-
 tioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very
 style he declaimed against the *Corruption* and *Luxury*
 of the Age, the Partiality of *Parliaments*, and the
 Misery of *Party-Spirit*. He was particularly elo-
 quent against *Avarice* in *Great* and *Noble Persons*, of
 which he had indeed liv'd to see many miserable Ex-
 amples. He died in the year 1732.

" The ruling Passion, be it what it will, 155

" The ruling Passion conquers Reason still.

Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame,

Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim ;

For tho' such Motive's folly you may call,

The folly's greater to have none at all. 160

Hear then the truth : "'Tis Heav'n each Passion sends,

" And diff'rent men, directs to different ends,

" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

" Extremes in Man concur to general use.

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ? 165

That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow ;

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,

'Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain ;

Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,

And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like Insects, when conceal'd they lie, 170

Wait but for wings, and in their season, fly.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor ;

This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare,

The next, a Fountain spouting thro' his Heir, 175

In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst,

And men and dogs shall drink him, till they burst.

V. 161, &c. *That the Conduct of Men with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of PROVIDENCE, which works the General Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its Great End by perpetual Revolutions.* See Essay on Man, Epist. 2, v. 155, &c. 197, &c.

Old Cotta sham'd his Fortune and his Birth,
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth: 180
 What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his Grot?
 His court with nettles, moat with cresses stor'd,
 With soups unbought, and fallads, blest his board.
 If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more 185
 Than *Bramins*, *Saints*, and *Sages* did before:
 To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
 And who would take the poor from Providence?
 Like some lone *Chartreuse* stands the good old hall,
 Silence without, and falls within the wall; 190
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
 No noontide-bell invites the country round;
 Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
 And turn th' unwilling Steed another way:
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er 195
 Curse the fav'd candle, and unopening door;
 While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
 Not so his Son, he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right: 200
 For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow is a task indeed.

V. 180, &c. *How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable.*

V. 199. *How a Prodigal does the same.*

V. 184. *With soups unbought.*] — dapibus mensas
 onerabat inemptis. VIRG.

Whole slaughter'd hecatombs, and floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine,
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws, 203
 His Oxen perish in his Country's cause:
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
 And zeal for that great House which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The Sylvans groan — no matter — for the Fleet, 210
 Next goes his wool, to clothe our valiant bands;
 Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.
 To Court he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
 In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her Laws.

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
 T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously persu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To balance Fortune by a just expence,
 Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence,
 With splendor, Charity, with plenty, Health; 225
 Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

To Want, or Worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n. 230

V. 219. The *due Medium* and *true Use of Riches*.

Whose

Whose measure full o'erflows on human race,
 Mends Fortune's fault, and justifies her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
 As Poison heals, in just proportion us'd :
 In heaps, like Ambergrise, a stink it lies, 235
 But well dispers'd, is Incence to the Skies.

Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles ~~eats~~ ?
 The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
 Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
 Without a Fidler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon : 240
 Whose table, Wit or modest Merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a *Gamester*, *Pimp*, or *Play'r* ?
 Who copies Yours, or OXFORD's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?
 Where'e'er he shines, oh Fortune gild the scene, 245
 And Angels guard him in the Golden Mean !
 There, English *Bounty* yet a while may stand,
 And *Honour* linger, 'ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross ?
 Rise honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS : 250
 Pleas'd

V. 243. OXFORD's *better part*.] Edward Harley Earl of Oxford, the Son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne.

V. 250, &c. *The MAN of ROSS*.] The Person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true Name was almost lost (partly by the Title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an Inscription) was called

Pleas'd Vaga ecchoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid *Severn* hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountains sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the Skies in uselefs columns tolt, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently loft,
 But clear and artlefs, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose Cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose? 260
 Tho taught that Heav'n-directed Spire to rise?
 The MAN of ROSS, each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The MAN of ROSS, divides the weakly bread:
 Behold yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271
 Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing *Quacks* with curses fled the place,
 And vile *Attornies*, now an uselefs race.
 "Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 "What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do.

Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interr'd in the Chancel of the Church of Ross in Herefordshire.

"Oh

“ Oh say, what sums that gen’rous hand supply ?

“ What mines, to swell that boundless charity ?

Of Debts and taxes, Wife and children clear,

This man possessest — five hundred pounds a year. 280

Blush Grandeur, blush ! proud Courts withdraw your

Ye *little Stars* ! hide your diminished rays. [blaze !

“ And what ? no monument, inscription, stone ?

“ His race, his form, his name almost unknown ?

Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame, 285

Will never mark the marble with his Name :

Go search it ~~there~~*, where to be born and die,

Of rich and poor makes all the history ;

Enough, that Virtue fill’d the space between ;

Prov’d, by the Ends of Being, to have been. 290

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend

The wretch, who living fav’d a candle’s end ;

Should’ring God’s altar a vile Image stands,

Belies his features, nay extends his hands :

That live-long Whig which Gorgon’s self might own,

Eternal Buckle takes in Parian stone. 295

Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend,

And see, what comfort it affords our End !

In the worst Inn’s worst room, with mat half-hung,

The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung. 300

* The Parish Register.

V. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] Ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on Busto’s, of which there are several vile examples among the Tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.

V. 299, &c. *The Fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two Examples : both miserable in Life and in Death.*

On once a flockbed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great *Villers* lies — Alas! how chang'd from him, 305
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton *Shrewsbury* and Love;
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a Ring
 Of mimic Statesmen, and their merry King. 310
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this Lord of useless thousand ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
 As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John*?
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blest'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.

V. 305. George Villers, Duke of Buckingham,
 who died in this manner.

A few

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A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
 Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?
 Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
 Or are they both, in this, their own reward? 336

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
 Or Tell a Tale? — A Tale — it follows thus.

Where London's Column pointing at the skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lyes: 340
 There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,

A plain good man, and Balaam was his name.
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
 Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The *Dev'l* was piqu'd, such taintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old: 350
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

V. 339. *Where London's Column.*] The Monument built in memory of the Fire of London, with an inscription importing that City to have been burnt by the Papists,

Rouz'd

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep ;
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
 And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir *Balaam* now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes :
 " Live like your self," was soon my Lady's word ;
 And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
 An honest Factor stole a Gem away :
 He pledg'd it to the Knight ; the knight had wit,
 So kept the *Diamond*, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
 " I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat,
 " Where once I went to Church, I'll now go twice —
 " And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time : the work he ply'd ;
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side ; 370
 Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent,
 In one abundant show'r of *Cent. per Cent.*
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then *dubs Director*, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit.
 What late he call'd a *Blessing*, now was *Wit*,
 And God's good *Providence*, a lucky *Hit*.
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn,
 His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn ; 380
 Seldom at Church, ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his Family and Wife.

There

There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady, catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A *Nymph* of *Quality* admires our Knight; 385

He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's Air:

First, for his Son a gay *Commission* buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies. 399

His Daughter flaunts a *Viscount's* tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and p—x for life.

In Britain's *Senate* he a feat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.

My Lady falls to *Play*: so bad her chance, 395

He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him; Conningsby harrangues;

The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:

Wife, son, and daughter, Satan are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown: 400

The Devil and the King divide the prize,

And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

V. 358. *And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains*]--
—atque unum civem donare Sybillæ. Juv.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD *Earl of* BURLINGTON.*

TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ,
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy.
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats, 5
Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats :
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs,
For Fountain Statues, and for Pembroke Coins,
Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Rarities for Sloane. 10

* Printed first in 1731.

This Epistle is a Corollary to the preceding : As that created of the Extremes of Avarice and Profusion, this takes up one branch of the latter, the Vanity of Expence in people of Quality or Fortune.

V. 7. Topham.] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

V. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Rarities for Sloane.*] Two eminent Physicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest Collection in Europe of natural Curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity.

Think

Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas? or finer Whore.

For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
Only to show, how many Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir *Visto*'s ill-got wealth to waste? 15
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "*Visto!* have a Taste."
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but *Ripley* with a Rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids *Bubo* build, and sends him such a Guide: 20
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25
Fill half the land with Imitating Fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate: 30
Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on'r,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front:

V. 15. The Abuse of the Word *Taste*.

V. 23. The Earl of *Burlington* was then publishing the Designs of *Inigo Jones*, and the Antiquities of Rome by *Palladio*.

Or

Or call the winds thro' long Arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door ;
 Conscious they act a true *Palladian* part,
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art,
 Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40
 Something there is, more needful than Expence,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'Tis *Sense* :
 Good Sense, which only is the gift of heav'n,
 And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven :
 A Light which in yourself you must perceive ; 45
Jones and *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.
 To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot ;
 In all, let *Nature* never be forgot. 50
 But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide ;

V. 36. A Door or Window, so called, from being much practised at Venice, by Palladio and others.

V. 39, &c. *That the first Principle and foundation of all Taste, is Good Sense.*

V. 46. *Inigo Jones*, the celebrated Architect, and *M. Le Nôtre*, the Designer of the best Gardens of France.

V. 47, &c. *The chief proof of good Sense in this, as in every thing else, is to follow Nature, but with Judgment, and Choice.*

He

EPISTLES.

113

He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds. 55

Consult the *Genius* of the place in all;
That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'n to scale,
Or scoops in circling Theatres the Vale, 60
Calls in the Country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines,
Paints as you plant, and as you work, designs.

Begin with *Sense*, of ev'ry Art the soul, 65
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
Nature shall join you, Time shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at — perhaps a Srow. 70

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's Terraces desert their walls:
The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake;

V. 57, &c. *The first Rule, to adapt all to the Nature and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it.*

V. 70. The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.

V. 71, &c. *For want of this Sense, and thro' neglect of this Rule, men are disappointed in the most expensive Undertakings. Nothing without this will ever please long, if it pleases at all.*

H

Or

Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, 75
You'll wish your hill, or shelter'd seat again.

Behold Villario's ten-years toil compleat,
His Arbours darken, his Espaliers meet,
The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light :
A waving Glow his bloomy beds display, 81
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you ! Villario can no more ;
Tir'd of the scene Parterres and fountains yield, 85
He finds at last he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or fate delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet. 90
His Son's fine Taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's groves,

V. 75. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains.*] This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy Citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the Northwind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of Yews.
 The thriving Plants ignoble broomsticks made, 95
 Now sweep those Allies they were born to shade.

At *Timon's Villa* let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "what Sums are thrown away!
 So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there. 100

V. 93. *The two Extremes in Parterre, which are equally faulty, a boundless Green, large and naked as a field, or a flourish'd Carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.*

V. 94. — mournful Family of Yews.] *Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews which are the most tansie) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees, to make way for such little Ornaments, as Pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral Procession.*

V. 97. At *Timon's Villa*.] *This Description is intended to comprize the Principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good Sense can attain it.*

V. 100, &c. *The first wrong Principle, is to imagine true Greatness consists in size and dimension: whereas, let the work be ever so vast, unless the parts cohere in one harmony, it will be but a great many Littlenesses put together.*

Greatness, with *Timon*, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
 To compass this, his building is a Town,
 His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down :
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees ? 105
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze.
 Lo! what huge heaps of littleness around !
 The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
 Two Cupids squirt before : a Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind. 110
 His Gardens next your admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall !
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother, 115
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees,

V. 109. *The second Error, Disproportion, small things joined to large ones.*

V. 112. *The Ends and Bounds being seen at once, which however large, will diminish both of the Grandeur and the Surprise.*

V. 115. *Too exact Resemblance of Part to Part, and Repetition of the same Objects.*

V. 117. *Figures unnatural, stiff and formal, or such as cannot be made perfect.*

With

With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer-house that knows no shade. 120
 Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs,
 There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs,
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien, 125
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
 But soft — by regular approach — not yet —
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat,
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes. 130

His Study? with what Authors is it stor'd?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;

To

V. 119, &c. Ornaments of building or sculpture, either too much multiplied, or ill-placed, or where Nature does not favour 'em. [All these Examples are taken from some known Gardens]

V. 122. The two Statues, of the *Gladiator pugnans*, and *Gladiator moriens*.

V. 128. The Approaches and Communications of House with Garden, or of one part with another, ill judged and inconvenient.

V. 131. His Study? &c.] The false Taste in Books, a Satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune, than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carry'd it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be fill'd with painted books of wood:

H 3

others

To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round,
 These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Suëil* has bound.
 Lo some are *Vellom*, and the rest as good, 133
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
 For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the Chappel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r: 140
 Light quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a Jig to heaven.
 On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*,
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie, 145
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.

others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do

V. 140. *The false Taste in Musick, improper to the subjects, as of light Airs in Churches, often practiced by the Organists, &c.*

V. 143 — *And in Painting (from which even Italy is not free) of naked Figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put Draperies on some of those of the best Masters.*

V. 144. *Verrio (Antonio) painted many Cielings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton Court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-Castle, and other places.*

To

To rest, the Cushion and soft *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

But hark ! the chiming Clocks to dinner call ;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall : 150
The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
And gaping *Tritons* spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner ? this a Genial room ?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb,
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state, 155
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear.
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling falvers ring,
From soup to sweetwine, and *God blefs the King.* 160

V. 147. This is a fact, a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatned the Sinner with punishment in “ a place which he thought it not decent to name “ before so polite an assembly.”

V. 151. *Taxes the Incongruity of Ornaments (tho' sometimes practised by the Ancients) where a distorted Mouth ejects the water into a Fountain, or where the shocking Images of Serpents, &c. are introduced in Grotto's, or Buffets.*

V. 153. *Is this a Dinner, &c.]* The proud Festivals of some Men are here set forth to ridicule, where the Pride destroys the Ease, and the formal Regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

V. 158. *Sancho's dread Doctor.]* See Don Quixote, Vol. 4. Chap. 6.

In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
 I curie such lavish cost, and little skill, 165
 And swear, no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed;
 Health to himself, and to his Infants bread
 The *Lab'rer* bears; What his hard Heart denies,
 His charitable Vanity supplies. 170

Another age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
 Deep harveys bury all his pride has plann'd,
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
 Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil? 175
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE?
 'Tis *Use* alone that sanctifies Expence,
 And Splendor borrows all her rays from *Sense*.

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encrease; 180
 Whose chearful Tenants blest their yearly toil,
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;

V. 167, &c] *The Moral of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving Wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in the Epistle preceding this, v. 161, &c. See also Essay on Man, Epist. 2. ver. 230, &c.*

Whose

Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed
 The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
 Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show, 185
 But future Buildings, future Navies grow ;
 Let *His* plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.

You to proceed! make falling Arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair, 190
Jones and *Palladio* to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before :
 Till Kings call forth th' Idea's of your mind,
 Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,
 Bid Harbors open, publick Ways extend, 195
 Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend,
 Bid

V. 193, 195, &c. *Till Kings--Bid Harbors open, &c.*]
 The Poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence in the private works of Great Men, comes to those great and publick Works which become a Prince. This Poem was published at the time when some of the new Churches built by the Act of Q. Anne, were ready to fall, being founded on boggy land, and others vilely executed thro' fraudulent cabals between Undertakers, Officers, &c. when Dagenham-Breach had done very great mischiefs; when the Proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against, and rejected; when many of the High-ways throughout England were hardly passable, and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes made Jobbs for private Lucre, and Infamously executed, even to the Entrances of London itself. At this time there had been an uninterrupted Peace in Europe for above twenty years.

Bid the broad *Arch* the dang'rous Flood contain,
 The *Mole* projected break the roaring Main;
 Back to his bounds their subject *Sea* command,
 And roll obedient *Rivers* thro' the Land: 200
 These Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
 These are *Imperial Works*, and worthy *Kings*.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE V.

TO
ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,

AND
Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.

Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear — in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;

* This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat in to the Country, in the year 1721.

Dex-

Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays,
Who careless now of Int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy *Fall*. 20

And sure, if ought below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blast of publick breath, 25
The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Desarts thy retreat is made;
The *Muse* attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
When In'trest calls off all her sneaking train
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, she shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays, 35
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VI.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

SECRETARY of STATE.*

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye, 5 }
That darts severe upon a rising Lye,
And strikes a blush thro' frontlets Flattery. }
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed — a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me: 15
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

* In the Year 1720.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VII.

TO

Mr. ADDISON.*

SEE the wild Waste of all devouring years,
How Rome her own sad *Sepulchre* appears:
With nodding Arches, broken Temples spread,
The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd, 5
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Maf tyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey;
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they; 10
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage;

* *This was written in 1715, at which time Mr. Addison intended to publish his Book of Medals. It was sometime before he was Secretary of State, but not printed till Mr. Tickel's Edition of his works in 1720, at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs which conclude this Epistle were added.*

Bar-

Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a Name?
 That Name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
 The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust; 20
 Huge Moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
 Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more!
 Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a *Coin*:
 A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa weeps;
 Here scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
 A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The *Medal*, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
 In one short view subjected to your eye
 Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' Inscription value, but the Rust adore;
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams: 40
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his *Shield* was scour'd;

And

And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his Bride.
 Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine: 45
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine,
 Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
 These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage; 50
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame,
 In living Medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
 Here, rising bold, the *Patriot's* honest face;
 There *Warriors* frowning in historic bras:
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
 Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast Ore, another Pollio shine;
 With aspect open, shall erect his head, 65
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 " Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear:
 " Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 " Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend, 70
 " Ennob'd by himself, by all approv'd,
 " And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VIII.

T O

Mr. J E R V A S, *

With *Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's
Art of Painting.*

THis Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.

Whether thy hand strike out some free design,

Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;

O blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,

And from the canvas call the mimic face:

Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire

Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire:

And reading wish, like theirs our fate and fame,

So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name:

Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,

to just thy skill, so regular my rage.

* *This Epistle, and the two following, were written
some years before the rest, and originally printed in
1717.*

Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
 And each from each contract new strength and light.
 How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
 While Images reflect from art to art? 20
 How oft' review; each finding like a friend
 Something to blame, and something to commend?
 What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
 With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade; 30
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new.
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
 A fading *Fresco* here demands a sigh:
 Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Carracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
 How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the * work of years! 40

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his Poem.

Yet still how faint by precept is express
 The living image in the painter's breast?
 Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
 Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
 An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Mute! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
 Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife:
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
 Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage; 55
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,
 And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes; 60
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
 New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.

The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
Yet should the *Graces* all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the *Muses* bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
And these be sung 'till Granville's Myra die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim:
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE IX.

TO

Miss BLOUNT,

With the Works of *VOITURE*.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line ;
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great ;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read ;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred :
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair. 10
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away.
'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.

Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe, 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
 In every scene some Moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
 And more diverting still than regular,
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
 Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place:
 Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
 Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35
 Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame.
 Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater in their place;
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
 But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
 Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
 Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.

Ah

Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45
 For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
 Nor let false Shews, or empty Titles please:
 Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares, 50
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to compleat her bliss, a Fool for Mate.
 She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
 Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part,
 She sighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart. 56

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms: 60
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A Morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the same,
 And *Montbausier* was only chang'd in name: 70

* *Mademoiselle* Paulet.

By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' *Elysian* coast,
 Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost :
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer *Ramboüillet* in you. 76

The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse ;
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse ;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside. 80

EPISTLE X.

To the same, on her leaving the Town,
after the CORONATION.*

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks :
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day ;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow Clock, and dine exact at noon :

* Of King George the first, 1715.

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ; 20
 Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack ;
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries, — No words !
 Or with his hound comes hallowing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things — but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade ;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green ;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
 While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes ;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls ! 40

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,

Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, Chairs and Coxcombs rush upon my fight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look four, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50

EPISTLE XI.

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassius, is let out :
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my Thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,

This Epistle contains an Apology for the Author and his Writings. It was drawn up at several times, as the several occasions offered. He had no thought of publishing it, till it pleas'd some persons of Rank and Fortune, to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only his Writings, but his Morals, Person, and Family; of which he therefore thought himself obliged to give some account.

By

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me :
 Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
 Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross* ?
 Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus fees his frantick wife elope, 25
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove ?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30
 A dire dilemma, either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I !
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye ;
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be brave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.

I sit

I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head ;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, " Keep your piece nine years." 40

Nine years ! cries he, who high in Drury-lane
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhymes 'ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends :
 " The piece you think is incorrect ? why take it, 45
 " I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."
 Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

* Pitholeon sends to me : " You know his Grace,
 " I want a Patron ; ask him for a Place." 50
 Pitholeon libell'd me — " but here's a letter
 " Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 " Dare you refuse him ? Curl invites to dine,
 " He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
 Bless me ! a packet. — " 'Tis a stranger fues, 55
 " A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
 If I dislike it, " Furies, death, and rage !
 If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
 Fir'd that the house reject him, " S'death I'll print it,
 " And shame the fools -- your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."

* The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes,
 who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat.

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks, 65

At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks.

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70

His very Minister who spy'd them first,

(Some say his * Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,

When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

"Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,

"I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; 76

"Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,

"'Tis nothing."—Nothing? if they bite and kick?

Out with it, *Dunciad*! let the secret pass,

That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80

The truth once told, (and wherefore shou'd we lie?

The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

* The story is told by some of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale* in *Dryden's Fables*.

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread a-new: 90
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of slimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassion sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seems a wit? 100
 Still Sappho—"Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend,
 "No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 "I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 "But foes like these!—One Flatt'rer's worse than all;
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent,
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.
 One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes; 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.

V. 88.—Alluding to Horace,
 — *Si fractus illabatur Orbis,*
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

This

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court, 115
I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s nose, and "Sir! you have an Eye —"
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, before you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
Dipt me in ink, my parents, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, *ARBUTHNOT!* thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 135
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Evn' mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head. 140

V. 139. All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr.
Dryden; tho' a scandalous libel against him, entitled,

K

Dryden's

And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friend before) !
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd !
 Happier their author, when by these below'd !
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the * *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146
 Soft were my numbers ; who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of Sense ?
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill ;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret ;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Dryden's Satyr to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces : Persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds below'd) at 16 or 17 years of age ; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forrest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following.

While pure Description held the place of Sense, &c.

* Authors of secret and scandalous History.

V. 150. *A painted Meadow, or a purling stream*, is a Verse of Mr. *Addison*.

Did

Did some more sober Critic come abroad ?
 If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From flashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds* :
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakeſpear's* name.
 Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms ! 170
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there ?

Were others angry ? I excus'd them too ;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find, 175
 But each man's secret standad in his mind,
 That Casting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can *gueſs* ?
 The Bard whom piller'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180
 Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
 And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year ;
 He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left :

V. 180. — a *Persian tale*.] Amb. Phillips tranſlated a Book called the *Persian Tales*.

And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not Poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,
 And own'd, that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe ?
 And swear, not *Addison* himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there One whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend :
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like *Cato*, gave his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210
 While Wits and Templers ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he !
 What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls, 215
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps in capitals ?

Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
 I fought no homage from the Race that write ;
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight : 220
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great *GEORGE* ! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings past my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To *Buso* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Buso*, puff'd by ev'ry quill ;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library, (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his Judgment ask'd, and then a place :
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat : 240

V. 218. *And on the wings of all the winds came flying all abroad*] Hopkins, in the 104th Psalm.

V. 236. — *a true Pindar stood without a head.*] ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urfin*, &c.

'Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He pay'd some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choise Patron blefs each grey goose quill !
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still ! 250
 So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
 Blest be the *Great* ! for those they take away, 255
 And those they left me ; For they left me *GAY* ;
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My Verse, and *QUEENSB'RY* weeping o'er thy urn !
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too ! 261
 (" To live and die is all I have to do :)
 Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please :

V. 248.—*help'd to bury.*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bellow'd upon him by the contribution of several Persons of Quality.

Above

EPISTLES.

151

Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
 I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
 Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead, 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light;
 Heav'n's! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
 "I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
 "(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out. 275
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.

"No, such a Genius never can lie still;
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

Curst be the verse, how well so'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
 Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out: 290

That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
 Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;

Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lye not must at least betray;
 Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannon's* what was never there; 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—"What? that thing of silk,
 " *Sporus*, that mere white curd of *Ass's* milk? 306
 " Satire or sense alas! can *Sporus* feel?
 " Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?"
 Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad; 320

V. 299. *Who to the Dean, &c.*] See the Epistle to the Earl of Burlington.

V. 319. See Milton, Book 4.

In

In puns, or politicks, or tales, or lyes,
 Or spite, or smut, or rymes, or blasphemies,
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now mis, }
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325

Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
 Eye's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust,

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335

Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;

That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same.

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340

But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,

He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

The damning critic, half-approving wit,

The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;

Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had, 345

The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;

The distant threats of vengeance on his head,

The blow unselt, the tear he never shed;

The

The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S ear —
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last*!
 "But why insult the poor, affront the great?" 360
 A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.
 Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sapho can tell you how this man was bit:

VER. 351. *Th' imputed Trash.*] Such as profane
Psalms, *Court-Poems*, and other scandalous things,
 printed in his Name by *Curl* and others.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him,*
spread] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl
 of Burlington, Ld. Bathurst, Ld. Bolingbroke, Bishop
 Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his
 Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in
 printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Wel-
 sted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

This

This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welsled's* lye. 375
 To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;

VER. 374. *Ten Years.*] It was so long after many
 libels before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that
 poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to
 the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.

VER. 375. *Welsled's Lye.*] This man had the Im-
 pudence to tell in print, that Mr P. had occasion'd a
Lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of.
 He also publish'd that he libel'd the Duke of *Chan-*
dos; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in
 familiarity, and receiv'd from him a present of *five*
hundred Pounds: the falsehood of both which is
 known to his Grace. Mr. P. never receiv'd any Pre-
 sent farther than the Subscription for *Homer*, from
 him, or from *Any great Man* whatsoever.

Budgel in a weekly pamphlet call'd the *Bee*, be-
 stow'd much abuse on him, in the imagination that he
 writ some things about the *Last Will* of *Dr. Tindal*,
 in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never
 had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least
 knowledge of its Author.

Let

Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse 336
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:

That

VER. 381. *His Father, Mother, &c.*] In some of Curl's and other Pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,

had fallen from alike *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the Head of which was the *Earl of Downe*, whose sole Heiress married the *Earl of Lindsey* — His mother was the Daughter of *William Turner, Esq;* of York: She had three Brothers one of whom was kill'd, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general Officer in Spain, left her what estate remain'd after the Sequestrations and forfeitures of her Family. — Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following Inscription was placed by their Son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex,

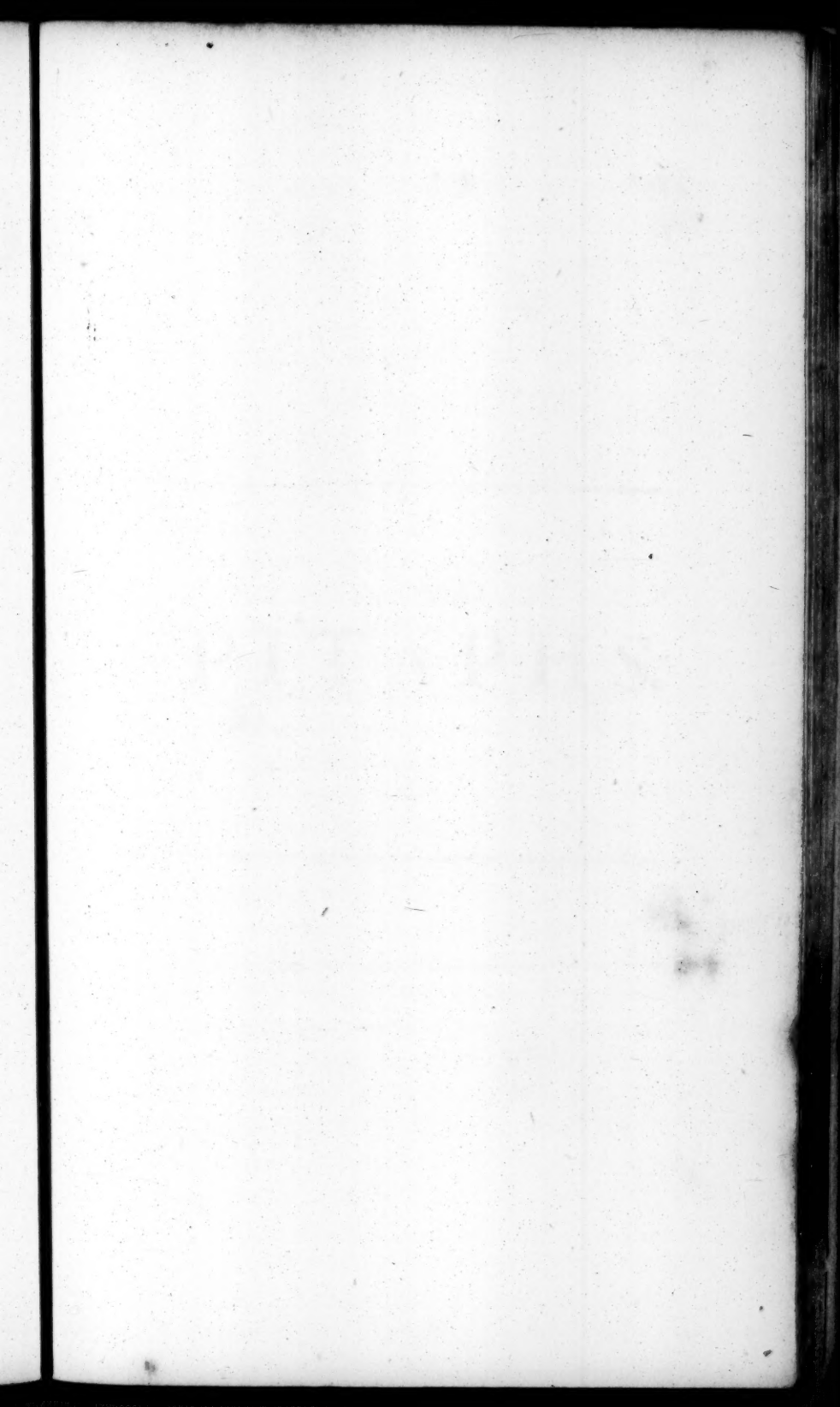
D. O. M.

That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!* 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
 Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung - "What fortune, pray? - Their own,
 And better got, than *Bessie's* from the throne. 391
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395
 No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO, PIO,
 QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
 ET EDITHAE CONJUGI INCULPABILI,
 PIENTISSIMAE, QUAE VIXIT ANNOS
 XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIII.
 PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT.
 ET SIBI.

His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.
 O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine! 406
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410
 Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my Friend,
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 415
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
 Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.



EPITAPHS.

REPTILES

EPITAPHS.

*His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere!* VIRG.

I.

*On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,
In the Church of Wythyham in Suffex.*

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay,
Blest Satyrist! who touch'd the Mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too,
Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease,

Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
 Where other *Buckbursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
 And Patriots still, or Poets deck the Line.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

*One of the Principal Secretaries of State to
 King William III, who having resigned
 his Place, died in his Retirement at East-
 hamsted in Berkshire, 1716.*

A Pleasing Form, a firm, yet cautious Mind,
 Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd;
 Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,
 Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
 An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
 Just to his Prince, and to his Country true.
 Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
 A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
 A gen'rous Faith, from superstition free;
 A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
 Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
 At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.



III.

*On the Honble SIMON HARCOURT,
Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT:
at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Ox-
fordshire, 1720.*

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most
dear :

Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak,
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

Intended for Mr. ROWE.

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we trust,
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:

L 3

Beneath

Beneath a * rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

* *The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint
 by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally
 intended this Epitaph,*

This *Sheffield* rais'd. The sacred Dust below
 Was *Dryden* once: The rest who does not know;

*which the Author since chang'd into the plain inscrip-
 tion now upon it, being only the name of that great
 Poet,*

D R Y D E N.

*Natus Aug. 9. 1631.
 Mortuus Maij 1. 1701.*

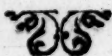
Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis, fecit.

V.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense ;
No Conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
Heav'n as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.



VI.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth:
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great.
 Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
 Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive has follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more!
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief;
 These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive,
 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!



VII.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE WITHERS rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind,
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O soft Humanity, in Age below'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.



VIII. On

VIII.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest Stone what few vain Marbles can
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man :
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great :
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.



IX. On

IX.

On Mr. GAY.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and last the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted, even among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unbalm'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms — *Here lies GAY.*



X. Intended

X.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cælum:*

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night :

GOD said, *Let Newton be!* And all was Light,



XI. On

XI.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq;*

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR & DELICIÆ;

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,

ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,
Ennobled by himself, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.



XII. *On*

XII.

*On EDMUND Duke of Buckingham, who
died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age,
1735.*

IF modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry opening Virtue blooming round,
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a sinking state ;
This weeping Marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here !
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
Attend the shade of gentle *Buckingham* :
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart ;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.



XIII.

*For One who would not be buried in
Westminster-Abbey.*

HEROES, and KINGS! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you :
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

E P I G R A M.

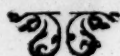
On One who made long Epitaphs.

FRIEND! for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said,
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

E P I G R A M.

*Engraved on the Collar of a Dog which
I gave to his Royal Highness.*

I Am his Highness' Dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me Sir, whose Dog are you ?



C L O E:

A CHARACTER.

“**Y**ET Cloë sure was form'd without a Spot —
 'Tis true, but something in her was *forgot*.
 “ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
 “ Say what can Cloë want? — She wants a *Heart*:
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
 But never, never reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in Decency for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian Chest:
 And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
 Forbid it Heav'n, a favour or a Debt
 She e'er should cancel — but she may forget.
 Safe is your Secret still in Cloë's ear;
 But none of Cloë's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would

Would Cloë know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her Footman put it in her head.
 Cloë is prudent — would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Cloë dies.

To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day.

OH be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a
 Friend ;

Not with those Toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.

With added years if Life bring nothing new,
 But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad Reflection more ;
 Is that a Birth-day ? 'tis alas ! too clear,

'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
 And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry Grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear ;
 Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft Dream, or Extasy of joy ;
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
 And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

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T H E
UNIVERSAL-PRAYER.
DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All ! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that my self am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill ;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to doe,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives;
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is pay'd when Man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
 Thy Goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round :

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume Thy Bolts to throw,
 And deal Damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy Foe :

If I am right, oh teach my heart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, thy grace impart
 To find that better Way !

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
 Or impious Discontent,
 At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
 Or ought thy Goodness lent,

Teach me to feel another's Woe ;
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That Mercy I to others show,
 That Mercy show to me,

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so
 Since quickened by thy Breath,
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's Life or Death :

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot :
 All else beneath the Sun
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
 One Chorus let all Being raise!
 All Nature's Incence rise !

End of the First Part.



NB. *Those Satires and Epistles of HORACE, with the Satires of Dr. DONNE, hitherto printed in this Volume, are in this new Edition placed at the beginning of the Second Part, in their proper Order with others of the same kind by the Author, which compleat his Poetical Works.*

N.B. The Editor and Publisher
of Horace, with the
of Dr. Donnell, have
of in this volume, and in this
new Edition, and in the
giving of the Second Part
in their proper Order with
others of the same kind of
the Author, which completes
the Second Volume.

